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SIXPENCE.

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King.

Archbishop of York.

THE KING AT LIVERPOOL.—HIS MAJESTY LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE CATHEDRAL: THE BENEDICTION AFTER THE CEREMONY, JULY 19.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT LIVERPOOL.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

It is not often that a member of Parliament has a right to feel that he has earned the gratitude of his countrymen, without distinction of party. This is the fortune of a Welsh member, who lately addressed the House on the subject of conscience. He is a lawyer; and his point was that objections to compliance with the law are of two kinds: (1) the objection; (2) the Conscientious Objection. When the citizen has objection number one, he carries it no further than a protest, and pays his rates and taxes as usual. But when he has the Conscientious Objection, then he is transported into a region transcendental, where mere statutory obligations are not to be thought of. Pay his rates when his conscience revolts! Never! The Government may expect it of him; but then the Government is like the ostrich, and buries its head in its hand.

National gratitude, I say, is the proper tribute to a man who endows his country with that touch of original humour. Think of the state we were in before its glorious advent. With the temperature at ever so many degrees Fahrenheit (I never think of him without recalling the schoolboy's profound remark that if Euclid had been a monumental mason we might have had no mathematics; and if Fahrenheit had been a diver, the weather might not be so hot!)—I say, with this boiling air, and the lamentable flatness of public affairs, and a war which seems to consist of incredible rumours, we were in the lowest deep of dejection. Then rose a lawyer from Wales to tell us that the Conscientious Objection justifies law-breaking, but the mere, ordinary, washing-day objection does not. This dew of Plinlimmon was refreshing in a thirsty land; but like a mountain rill, cooling a fevered brow, was the fun about the ostrich. It had its historic interest, too; for how different this Parliamentary remonstrance against a measure described as coercion for Wales, and its Conscientious Objection to the Education Act, "from Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears," in Gray's famous Ode!

Ruin seize thee ruthless King!

Confusion and thy banners wait!

Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.

Thus the Bard to Edward I. But now the oppressor has no crimson wing—only the head of the ostrich, buried in its hand.

By my troth, I think we all imitate that bird by turns with great fidelity. Take the advocates of a cheap Army, which is to prove its peaceful intentions by total unreadiness for war. Or the people who tell you that military training for the national manhood would be a sacrifice to the Moloch of aggression! The ostrich, with its head buried in its hand, believes that the man who is familiar with the use of a rifle must have a lust for blood. Did the Secretary for War reflect upon the impression he would make on the ostrich mind with his ideal of every county town possessed of its own regular battalion of infantry? What is this but "militarism" of the deepest dye? A county town should be absorbed in pacific barter, in good municipal works, in bazaars and parochial teas; and when it snatches a fearful joy, this should be no more alarming than a performance of Shakspeare by the Benson company. But to plant in this innocent community the deadly nightshade of a garrison; to make it consist, by a refinement of atrocity, of excellent young men, known and respected by their neighbours, instead of good-for-nothings from heaven knows where; to take away the reproach from soldiering so effectually that the saying, "He's gone and 'listed," is no longer the last stigma on a man's character—in a word, to make that garrison as highly respectable as a church choir: this, nothing less than this, it seems, is the horrid ambition of Mr. Arnold-Forster! Rash man! Has he ever thought that, when the time comes, the ostrich with a Conscientious Objection to militarism may refuse to pay taxes for the King's uniform?

A popular dramatist has been complaining to me about Mr. Max Beerbohm's recent dissertation on love-scenes in plays. Whether in play or novel, said the learned Max, all love-making is poor, artificial stuff. It is well known that English lovers have scarce a word to say to each other: they hold hands and look sheepish; they murmur "dearest" and "darling" with tedious iteration; then one of them is drawn to the other's manly breast, and there is a blessed silence. What is the novelist or dramatist to do with such people? The novelist has the pull, for he can always describe the scenery, says Max, who gives a malicious travesty of this device. The sun is performing his functions, and the landscape is looking much as usual; but the novelist makes believe that they are mightily attentive to the absurd pair in the foreground, that the sun is putting in a claim to be best man at the wedding, and the land-

scape is offering bridesmaids from all the banks where the wild thyme grows. (This flourish, by the way, is my very own, but any novelist is welcome to it!) The poor dramatist, as Max points out, can't describe the scenery; but he can call in the scene-painter and the stage carpenter; he can put the lovers under an apple-tree full of blossom; he can make them meet in a jolly young plantation by the light of the moon. Why, even at a music-hall, I have noticed that Miss Vesta Tilley never comes on without a background of a fine old English manor, from which she has just emerged to sing those ditties so admirable for their harmony with our best traditions.

But Max will have it that what the lovers say is utterly unreal, because you know that in actual life they would be as good as dumb; and the popular dramatist, who is a pretty hand at a love-scene, is much incensed. Really, Max should draw a caricature of himself as the ostrich, with his head buried in his hand! He thinks we cannot see that he knows nothing whatever about the sentiments which animate the lovers in the young plantation or anywhere else. He has never heard them; he can never have participated in that soft reunion; what on earth does he know about their vocabulary? The truth is that he has picked up the old humorous convention about love-making in the Middle Victorian period, when maidens were inarticulate, and the gaps in the conversation were filled by the moon. We have changed all that, my dear Max. If you were acquainted with current thought, you would know that the young plantation and the sad seashore resound with repartee; that the waves on the strand cannot hear themselves roar, and the birds in the wood cannot get a note in edgeways. The dramatist who should represent his lovers now in a state of silent rapture would be totally out of the movement.

As I am imparting knowledge, my dear Max, let me tell you that weddings have changed their character since the Middle Victorian era. These ceremonies used to be devised to keep the bride and bridegroom in countenance, to assure them that, in this trying moment of their lives, their friends would rally round them. We went to church, and supported them through the necessary rite. We ate the breakfast with a zealous conviction that we were fortifying them for the journey. Before wedding-breakfasts became extinct, I made a speech at one of them, and have always cherished the look of gratitude in the bridegroom's eye. In fine, the wedding resolved itself into affectionate patronage of two timid young things by a host of confident guests. That, too, we have changed. I was bidden to a wedding last week, and repaired to the hymeneal scene, feeling that I exceeded the bridegroom greatly in years, and that it was my duty to sustain him with paternal sympathy. If the Ancient Mariner had stopped me I should have said: "No, my venerable friend, not to-day. You must take your glittering eye to the office of the *Daily Lama*, with a rough drawing of the albatross. This wedding guest must be at his friend's side, to murmur a restorative passage from the 'Note-Book' in his ear, should he turn a little faint!"

Bless you, he needed a restorative about as much as young Lochinvar! He was serene; and the bride was serene, fair, and stately; and when she threw a radiant but impersonal glance in my direction I seemed to be a dusty atom in a sunbeam. Yes, they shed about them an affable illumination, in which the wedding guests respectfully basked. To a retrospective eye how remote and primitive seemed the old-fashioned breakfast! No more harmless jests at the cutting of the cake; no more eloquence about this auspicious occasion, and the happy blending of two young lives, with the bride gazing demurely at her plate, and the bridegroom tugging at his necktie, as if his own little speech were pinned to his collar! I mention these details, my dear Max, so that you shall not clamour for them when you see a marriage on the stage in the new style. Prepare for the decadence of the wedding guest. See him standing thoughtfully on the outskirts of the throng, dropping a tear for his past glories into the wine-cup. He has a deep sense of his own insignificance in the presence of these two majestic young people, who make a whole firmament of splendour, in which he is an attendant cloud. And when it is all over, he wends his way to the Sailors' Home, and listens deferentially to the Ancient Mariner's yarn.

A correspondent writes: "In this broiling temperature, surely the summer draperies of the women should be a cooling delight to the eye! But what do I see at every turn? A coil of fur or thick feathers slung over the shoulders, with what pretends to be negligent grace! I meet the girls who should look cool and dainty; and they are doomed to be hot and scarlet because this thing clings to them like the shirt of Nessus. I boil, Sir—literally boil—when I see a woman with this ridiculous gear! For Heaven's sake, tell her to take it off! She may martyr herself to fashion; but why martyr me?"

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

QUICKEST AND MOST COMFORTABLE ROUTE
BETWEEN LONDON AND
BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, IRELAND, AND THE NORTH.

CONVENIENT EXPRESS TRAINS FOR TOURISTS AND FAMILIES.

NORTH WALES TOURIST RESORTS.

London (Euston)	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
		9.30	11.15	1.30
Rhyl	arr.	2.35	4.0	6.53
Colwyn Bay	arr.	2.55	4.22	7.10
Llandudno	arr.	3.10	4.50	7.37
Pennaenmawr	arr.	3.48	4.49	7.36
Bangor	arr.	3.14	5.10	7.55
Pwllheli	arr.	5.5	7.20	9.50
Criccieth	arr.	4.55	7.18	9.38

A—Runs from London July 16 to September 17.

London (Euston)	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
		9.30	11.0	1.30
Barmouth	arr.	4.40	6.10	—
Aberystwyth	arr.	4.20	5.45	9.35

A—Runs from London July 16 to September 17.

CENTRAL WALES.

London (Euston)	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
		11.0	1.30	—
Llandrindod Wells	arr.	4.10	7.5	—
Llangamarch Wells	arr.	4.54	7.38	—
Llanwrtyd Wells	arr.	5.3	7.44	—

BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

London (Euston)	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
		10.15	11.30	—
Blackpool	arr.	4.0	4.59	—
Morecambe	arr.	3.59	4.49	—
Windermere	arr.	—	5.15	—
Keswick	arr.	—	6.23	—

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables and Notices.

Euston, July 1904.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

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Excellent accommodation is provided at the LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S HOTEL at GREENORE, the improvement and enlargement of which has been completed. Conveniently arranged Bungalows have also been erected in a pleasant situation facing Carlingford Lough.

GOLF LINKS (18-HOLE COURSE) and Club House have also been provided by the Company, and of these RESIDENTS IN THE HOTEL HAVE FREE USE. Full pension from 70s. per week.

Passengers with Through Tickets between England and the North of Ireland are allowed to break the journey at Greenore.

Euston Station, 1904.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

LONDON BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RY.

GOODWOOD RACES. Fast Trains for Portsmouth, Southsea, & Isle of Wight, Week-days.

From	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria	6.20	10.30	11.35	1.42	3.55	—	4.55
Kensington	6.30	10.40	11.45	1.52	4.05	—	5.05
London Bridge	6.35	10.45	11.50	1.57	4.10	—	5.10

The last Train runs to Portsmouth Town only. *Addition Road. SATURDAY & MONDAY, JULY 23rd and 24th, SPECIAL TRAINS FROM VICTORIA, for Pulborough, Midhurst, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, & to Portsmouth in connection with Steamers for the Isle of Wight.

SPECIAL RACE TRAINS.	A	B	C	D
July 26th, 27th, 28th, & 29th.				
Victoria	7.5	8.40	9.0	9.45
Kensington	6.57	8.9	8.40	—
London Bridge	7.10	8.45	—	9.40

*Addition Road. A—To Drayton & Chichester, Return Fare, 17s. 10d., 11s. 8d., 10s. 6d. B—To Singleton, Third Class Return Fare, 10s. 8d. C—To Drayton & Chichester, Return Fare, 1st Class, 20s., 2nd Class, 15s. D—To Drayton & Chichester, First Class only, Return Fare, 25s.

Particulars of Sept. of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

PARIS, ROUEN & DIEPPE, AUG. BANK HOLIDAY.

EXCURSIONS, via Newhaven, SATURDAY, July 30th, from Victoria & London Bridge 10.0 a.m. (1st & 2nd Class), & Thursday, Friday, Saturday, & Sunday, July 28th to 31st, from Victoria & London Bridge 8.50 p.m. (1st, 2nd, 3rd Class). Fare, Paris, 39s. 3d.; 30s. 3d.; 26s.; Rouen, 35s. 3d.; 27s. 3d.; 23s. 8d.; Dieppe, 32s.; 25s.; 20s.

DIEPPE, FRIDAY TO WEDNESDAY.—Cheap Return Tickets from London Bridge & Victoria, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, & Monday, July 29th to Aug. 1st. Fare, by Day or Night Service (1st & 2nd Class), 24s., 19s.; by Night Service only (3rd Class), 15s., available for return up to Aug. 3rd.

Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

BANK HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

COOK'S EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS

(With bookings from City, Greenwich, and Woolwich Stations).

Destination.	Date.	Period.
Dublin and (via Liverpool) South of Ireland (via Morecambe) Belfast, London, via Barrow Ferry, Portrush, via Liverpool and the North (via Stranorlar) of Ireland, and Larne	Fortnightly, from Thursday, July 28	16 days.
Belfast only, all Routes	Fortnightly, from Friday, July 29	16 days.
Dublin only, via Liverpool	Fortnightly, from Thursday, July 28	16 days.
Londonderry, via Morecambe	Tuesday, August 16	16 days.
Londonderry, via Liverpool	Tuesday, August 23	16 days.
North of England, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other parts of Scotland	Saturdays, July 30, August 13 and 27	16 days.
Sheffield, Leeds, Shipley, Bradford, and Keighley	Thursdays, August 11 and 25	16 days.
Leicester, Loughboro', Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Shipley, Bradford, Keighley, Warrington, Stockport, Manchester, and Liverpool	Fortnightly, from Friday, July 29, to Sept. 23 inclusive.	7 or 16 days.
All parts of the Midlands, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Lake District, &c.	Friday Afternoon, July 29	4, 7, or 8 days.
Leicester, Loughboro', and Nottingham	Friday Midnight, July 29	3, 6, or 7 days.
St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, and Bedford	Saturday Midnight, July 30	2, 5, or 6 days.
Southend and Westcliff-on-Sea	Saturday, July 30	3, 6, or 7 days.
	Saturdays, August 13, 27, Sept. 10 and 24.	3, 6, or 8 days.
	Bank Holiday, Monday, August 1	1, 2, or 3 days.
	Bank Holiday, Monday, August 1	1, 2, 4, or 5 days.
	Monday, August 1, and each day during August and Sept.	Day Trips.
		Day Excursions.

WEEKLY EXCURSIONS.

Destination.	Date.	Period.
Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Helensburgh	Every Saturday, July 30 to Sept. 3	8 or 16 days.
Isle of Man	Every Friday Midnight and Every Saturday Morning until Sept. 24	3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.
Lancashire and Yorkshire Coasts, Liverpool, Southport, Morecambe, Lancaster, Lake District, and Peak of Derbyshire	Every Saturday until Sept. 24 inclusive	3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.
Blackpool, Lytham, St. Annes, and Fleetwood	Every Wednesday until Sept. 28 inclusive	6, 8, 13, or 15 days.

For Season Excursions to AMPHILL, TURVEY, BEDFORD, OLNEY, WELLINGBOROUGH, and KETTERING on Saturdays (except July 30 and Aug. 6); and to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, REDBOURN, and HEMEL HEMPSTEAD on Thursdays and Saturdays (except Saturdays, July 30 and Aug. 6), see programmes.

EXTENSION OF WEEK-END TICKETS.

Week-End Tickets are issued every FRIDAY and SATURDAY from LONDON (St. Pancras) and other principal Midland Stations to the CHIEF SEASIDE and INLAND HOLIDAY RESORTS, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of Scotland. For the August Bank Holiday these tickets will be available for returning on Sunday (where train service permits), Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, July 31, Aug. 1, 2, or 3.

TICKETS, BILLS, FAREBOOKS, &c., may be had at ST. PANCRAS and other MIDLAND STATIONS and CITY BOOKING OFFICES, and from THOS. COOK and SON, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

Derby, July 1904.

JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING
IN LIVERPOOL.

and circumstance attendant upon a royal progress. The service at the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Cathedral was similar to that used when his



THE LATE M. ANTON
TCHÉKHOV,
RUSSIAN NOVELIST.

Wavertree playground, formed part of the programme fixed to take place after the King's departure.

THE CZAR.

A great sensation has been caused by the appearance in the *Quarterly Review* of an article on the Czar, said to have been written by "a high Russian official." It is so bitterly hostile that doubts are thrown upon the authorship. No Russian official, we are told, could have written such blistering invective against his Sovereign. But the *Quarterly Review* is likely to know its business; and it has been well known for a long time that disaffection is rife in the Russian bureaucracy. The article controverts the usual assumption that the Czar is the dupe of unscrupulous Ministers. He is said to overrule everybody, and to meddle in everything. His sense of divine right is abnormal, and it is stimulated by spiritualists and miracle-workers. He was warned by M. de Witte that the breach of the pledges to evacuate Manchuria meant a disastrous struggle with Japan. For this sagacious forecast M. de Witte was dismissed. When it was reported to the Czar that the Japanese Consul at Shanghai had demanded the expulsion of a Russian gun-boat from a neutral harbour, Nicholas II. gravely wrote on the margin of the report, "The Japanese Consul is a scoundrel." Such is the reigning wisdom in Russia, according to the writer in the *Quarterly*. His animus may excite suspicion; but there is something wrong with a country when the Sovereign is exposed to this kind of criticism.

EX-PRESIDENT
KRUGER.

The once-powerful leader of the Transvaal Republic, after a period of obscurity in various Continental health-resorts, passed away on July 14 at Clarens, in Switzerland, at the age of seventy-nine. Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger was born at Rustenburg in 1825. He came of a farming stock that could trace its ancestry back to Jacob Kruger, who is mentioned in the records of the Dutch East India Company as having settled in South Africa in 1713. Kaspar Jan Hendrik Kruger, father of the President-to-be, brought his son up in the simple traditions of the Boer people. The Dutch Bible was the chief, if not the only school-book, and for political philosophy hatred of the English served as a concise and comprehensive system. The Kruger family trekked northward with large parties of Boers, and in the early conflicts with the natives young Paul bore a hand. From boyhood he was an expert rifle-shot, and was hardened to all the privations and sacrifices of warfare in the wilderness. He figured in many minor political difficulties, but he first emerged as a hostile force to Great Britain in the early 'seventies, when he opposed Lord Carnarvon's adoption of Sir George Grey's formerly rejected plan to confederate the South African communities. After the annexation, Mr. Kruger fomented the discontent; but during the Zulu War even his rooted anti-British feeling did not prevent him from giving Lord Chelmsford sound advice which might have averted the disaster of Isandlwana. In the rising of 1881, Kruger, Pretorius, and Joubert were the leading spirits; and after Majuba the late President had a large hand in the settlement which was in 1899 to lead to so much sacrifice of blood and treasure. Subsequently, Mr. Kruger became President of the Transvaal Republic. He held that post until his flight from South Africa on the final collapse of his dream of a Dutch Hegemony. From that time he ceased to be a great figure in the drama of the world. For a moment he enjoyed a questionable notoriety in France and Holland, where crowds of admirers gave him a noisy ovation; but the day of Paul Kruger was over. The man who had for so many years plotted and schemed to secure Dutch supremacy at the Cape, who had checkmated Jameson, matched wits with Mr. Chamberlain, and hurled his extraordinarily worded defiance at Great Britain, sank to the pathetic insignificance of the political exile. Yet he leaves behind him



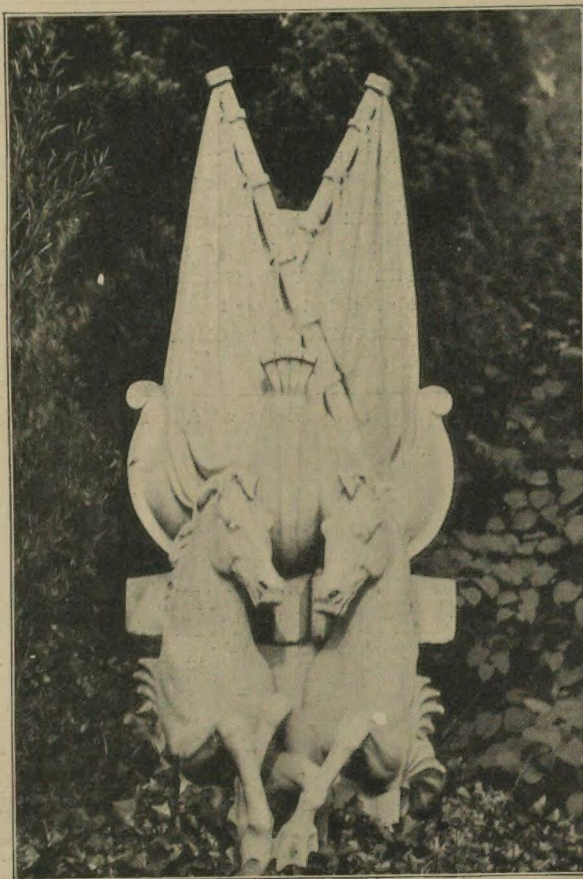
PRINCE IVAN MICHAELOVITCH
OBOLENSKI,
NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF
FINLAND.

vacillating in style though they are, now towards Tolstoy, now towards the French symbolists and decadents, now towards Gogol and Tourguéniev. His stage-plays—notably "Ivanov," a drama, and "The Seagull," a comedy—have not met with success. The author's "twilight manner," no less than the fact that "he seldom weeps, and hardly ever smiles," does not make for dramatic action.

a memory of an able and resourceful character, of an iron will, dogged determination, and that subtlety which does not postulate high mental cultivation. Within his own political sphere Paul Kruger was a genius, but he miscalculated the forces he defied, and in the end they crushed him. But, mistakes and misfortunes apart, he must remain one of the remarkable figures of the last century.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Anton Tchekhov, the well-known Russian novelist, who died on July 14, has been described in M. Waliszewski's "History of Russian Literature" as the star of those writers whose observations of life are made through a reversed opera-glass, and who prefer very small frames for their pictures: "If they do chance to choose a larger setting, they only succeed in bringing together a succession of tiny facts and exiguous impressions, which remind one of those strings of dried mushrooms that grace the shop of every Russian provision merchant." Tchekhov was one of those writers of the newer generation who have answered the clamour of those who desire to be amused or startled, rather than those who crave the delights of the æsthetic or the vigour of the reformer. His first work, issued in an important Russian newspaper, gave evidence of a successful cult of simplicity, the agreement of form with subject, and a humour that was not always on the highest plane. Later tales revealed a wider vision, a recognition of social and psychological problems, but his work remained, as M. Waliszewski has it, "sketches; passing impressions hastily noted down; scenes strung one after the other, without any apparent bond of continuity; vague outlines; and not one vigorous touch or clear-cut figure." This was written of "The Steppe," but it applies equally to many of Tchekhov's other stories,



SCULPTURE IN EXILE: THE SEA-HORSES PROPOSED TO BE RESTORED TO BURLINGTON HOUSE AFTER THIRTY YEARS IN BATTERSEA PARK.

The First Commissioner of Works has now under consideration a proposal to restore to its place this forgotten group from the Colonnade of Burlington House.

The new Governor-General of Finland, General Obolenski, of whose appointment and career we have made previous mention in this Journal, was born in 1845, has served in the Imperial Navy, and distinguished himself in Silistria during the Russo-Turkish War by building a sledge over the Danube for the transport of Russian siege-guns. He then obtained a civil post at Simbirsk, which he held for seven years. Some five years ago he was appointed Governor of Charkoff, where his harsh and high-handed actions earned him an unenviable reputation as a ruthless administrator. His life has been thrice attempted.

The Rev. Silvester Whitehead, of Bradford, the new Wesleyan President, is the first circuit minister who has been raised to that position for sixteen years. He is a Yorkshireman, born in Wensleydale sixty-three years ago, and received his education at the National School in the Dales. At the age of twenty-two he was accepted as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry and designated for work abroad. His three years' residence at Richmond College turned the current of his life into new channels, and gave him new aims and ideals. In 1867 he was ordained in Manchester and sent out to China. Here he laboured with great success, mostly in Canton and Fatshan, for ten years. Returning home, Mr. Whitehead instantly came to the front as a brilliant preacher.

Sir Reginald Palgrave, formerly Clerk of the House of Commons, who died on July 13, was the son of a distinguished father, the late Sir Francis Palgrave, historian, antiquary, and Deputy-Keeper of Queen Victoria's Records, and brother to three men who obtained a measure of fame—Francis Turner Palgrave, for a time private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, and successor to Principal Shairp in the Chair of Poetry at Oxford; William Gifford Palgrave, soldier, Roman Catholic missionary in Syria, traveller, and diplomatist; and Mr. Inglis Palgrave, the well-known banker and financier, for some years editor of the *Economist*, and the editor of the "Dictionary of Political Economy." Sir Reginald himself had been connected with the House of Commons for half a century. In 1853 he was placed in the Committee Office—from which the Clerk to the House is almost invariably drawn—and, recommended by Sir T. Erskine May, was appointed Examiner of Petitions for Private Bills to both Houses of Parliament. Passing through the positions of Second Clerk Assistant and Clerk Assistant, he was selected for the appointment with which his name is chiefly associated on the death of Sir Thomas Erskine May in 1886. Sir Reginald, who was born in June 1829, was, despite the English nature of his name, of Jewish descent. His father was the son of a London stockbroker, Meyer Cohen, but was admitted to the Christian Church in 1823, and at the same time substituted "Palgrave" for "Cohen" by royal license.



THE LATE SIR REGINALD
PALGRAVE,
FORMERLY CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF
COMMONS.

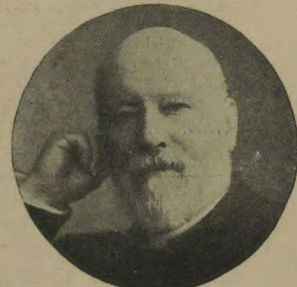
PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Arnold-Forster made a provisional statement of his scheme for Army reorganisation. It was not proposed to abolish the Militia; but the Secretary for War made no secret of his belief that this force should be absorbed into the regular Army. The Volunteers were to be reduced to 180,000, and divided into two classes. Sixty thousand would give more time to training, and would receive larger grants and full transport. The three years' enlistment for the line would be abolished, and succeeded by two years' service for the Home Army, with six in the Reserve. A force of 16,000 men, always ready for active service, would be stationed at Aldershot. Mr. Arnold-Forster believes that the present numbers of the Home Army are much in excess of the national requirements, and that it is absurd to go on paying twenty-nine millions a year. Conscription he declared to be impracticable, as it would cost nearly as much again.

Mr. Brodrick announced that the Government had no intention of annexing Tibet or of creating a protectorate. The British expedition would advance to Lassa, but would be withdrawn as soon as its object had been accomplished.

RUSSIA AND NEUTRAL
SHIPS.

Russian cruisers are amusing themselves by "holding up" neutral vessels in the Red Sea. They make no distinctions. A German mail steamer was stopped, and all the mails for Japan impounded. As the German Foreign Office does not recognise the right of a belligerent to act in this fashion, we might have expected sharp remonstrances to wing from Berlin to St. Petersburg. But Berlin does not venture upon more than the mildest protest. British ships are, of course, fair game for Russian naval officers quite innocent of international law. The steamer *Allanton*, carrying a cargo of Japanese coal to Singapore, was seized, taken to Vladivostok, and condemned by a prize court. The P. and O. steamer *Malacca*, carrying stores for the British Government, was impounded in the same way. All this was most irregular, and St. Petersburg should be made to understand that it cannot be permitted. The most audacious thing of all is the passage of Russian cruisers through the Dardanelles, disguised as merchant-steamers. This breach of neutrality is intolerable.



THE REV. SILVESTER
WHITEHEAD,
NEW PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN
CONFERENCE.

FRENCH
WORKMEN
IN LONDON.

The visit of the deputation of French artisans has been a great success. They saw sights with insatiable zeal, and were immensely gratified by the welcome everywhere extended to them. Indeed, the geniality of the haughty islander astonished them beyond measure. They appreciated his art collections, for the French artisan is also an artist, and he finds it difficult to understand the British workman's indifference to the æsthetic. It would not be easy to collect a deputation of British artisans who would show the intelligent interest of the French visitors in the works of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, and Turner. The French were a good deal disturbed by what they learned concerning the British workman's thriftlessness. They had no time to give him any lectures on the subject; but as they

JAPANESE CARE FOR RUSSIAN WOUNDED, AND A CORRESPONDENTS' SALUTE.

DRAWINGS BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE AND S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER KIRTON.



BRINGING A WOUNDED RUSSIAN INTO THE JAPANESE LINES.

By this method of conveyance jolting is almost obviated, as the short bamboos on which the slings are hung act like springs. In dealing with the wounded, the Japanese have cared for friend and foe alike.



MESSRS. KIRTON AND KNIGHT, ON THEIR WAY TO FENG-HWANG-CHENG, SALUTING RUSSIAN PRISONERS.

The correspondents, Mr. Walter Kirton and Mr. Knight (the latter of whom lost his arm in the Boer War) came upon a number of Russian prisoners in a house by the wayside. They at once entered, and saluted the unfortunate soldiers—an act which greatly impressed the Japanese camp-followers outside the windows.

mean to come over again and yet again, we hope they will make a practice of dropping a few seasonable words in his ear.

KINGSWAY AND ALDWYCH SITES. The London County Council sites in Kingsway and Aldwych are not popular with land-buyers. The second attempt to dispose of them has ended in dismal failure, not a bid being recorded. This, despite the auctioneer's appeal to the patriotism of his hearers: "If you do not take these sites up they will fall into the hands of foreigners. We have already been approached by a syndicate from the other side of the Atlantic, and by firms from countries not so far away. But we have disregarded these offers for the present, because the Council would like to feel that their property is in the hands of Englishmen, and you, as Englishmen, should have the courage to come forward and take up these sites in the heart of your own Metropolis." The conditions of building that are insisted upon, and the short lease, eighty years, are the cause of the lack of interest.

THE PROGRAMME AT THE EMPIRE. Thanks to the brilliant dancing of Adeline Genée, and the dazzling colour and vivacity of its scenes, the Empire divertissement still deserves its name of "High Jinks." The wrestling match, too, of Hackenschmidt and Jenkins, as shown so wonderfully on the biograph, proves every whit as dramatic and provokes little less excitement and applause than did the actual contest at the Albert Hall. But these are not the only popular "turns" in a first-rate programme. Are there not Tschernoff's dogs and ponies performing all sorts of clever tricks and feats, produced, it is to be hoped, by kindness? Does not that eccentric farceur, Mr. Sam Elton, nightly provoke "roars of laughter"? And, finally, does not Mr. Louis Bradfield, one of the sprightliest comedians Mr. Edwardes ever "discovered," sing his droll ditty, "Mr. Mosenstein," from "The Girl from Kay's," and parody most amusingly, aided by a chorus of two dozen girls, the "Sammy" song?

"MRS. TANQUERAY" To those lovers of the theatre who were once so fond as to believe, on the strength of a single piece of evidence, in the possibility of a modern school of English drama, a revival of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" must bring mournful, no less than pleasurable memories. What hopes we had that notable first night of so long ago, not only for Mr. Pinero, but for his fellow-dramatists! How sure we were that "Mrs. Tanqueray" was but the first swallow of a glorious summer! Hopes soon dashed by the logic of events! Summer ended before it began! Can we count six English plays produced since then of which we can be rightly proud as real art? Still, we were not all wrong about "Mrs. Tanqueray." Faulty as we can see it to have been now in the conventionality of its suicide ending, in its excessive straining of the arm of coincidence, there was an impetuous force in its story, there was convincing observation in its study of a social type. And even if we cannot recapture all the old enthusiasm about the play, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell

still playing Paula there can be no disappointment over the acting. In "Mrs. Tanqueray" this subtle actress discovered her personality, and not in all the many rôles she has since essayed has Mrs. Campbell portrayed the modern woman of nerves with so happy a combination of imaginative realism and self-revelatory intensity.

THE POPE AND THE CONCORDAT. The struggle between the Vatican and the French Republic has entered an acute stage. Certain French Bishops are not in the Pope's good graces, and he has summoned them to Rome. They are supposed to lean too much to the Republic, and it is said that their sees will be declared vacant. The French Government has forbidden them to stir, and has warned the Pope that he is violating the Concordat. From Rome it is reported that his Holiness is not deterred, and that, if the Bishops do not obey him, they will be excommunicated. As for the Concordat, he attaches no importance to it. This attitude may be exaggerated, and it is difficult, at any rate, to see what the Pope has to gain by extreme measures.

AIRA FORCE AND GOWBARROW. The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty is making an appeal which, if successful, will give Aira Force and Gowbarrow, on Ullswater, to the nation for all time. There is no need to emphasise the beauties of this fell and glen and waterfall of the Lake District: they are familiar to all readers of Wordsworth, and to many a tourist. The opportunity has now come to secure "the estate of seven hundred and forty acres with one mile frontage to the lake, rights of fishing and boating, the deer forest, the woods, and the waterfall," for the sum of £13,580; that is to say, £18 an acre. The Council of the Trust expresses the hope that the working men of the northern cities will give their



THE PROPOSED NATIONAL PURCHASE OF WORDSWORTHIAN SCENERY: AIRA FORCE, NEAR ULLSWATER.

fighting a defensive action. Even the Russian observers fail to see any advantage other than that which may be given to the movements of their Cossack cavalry by the circumstance that the ground to the west of the hills is low-lying and flat. But it has yet to be proved that the conditions are such as to give the Cossack a mobility sufficiently superior to that which for all practical purposes the Japanese infantry have been shown to possess. Moreover, the Russians will have behind them the river on which the village of Ta-shih-chiao is placed—a river which, although only shown as a small stream in most of the maps, is apparently a tributary of the Liao, and doubtless at this time swollen by the rains. It was on the banks of this stream, and probably on the spurs of the hills to the north and west of the village, that General Oku's scouts reported the Russian camp to be pitched. If Kuropatkin has decided on giving battle here, and has not only his main field army, but also, as we may suppose, the remnants of the two divisions under Baron Stackelberg which were defeated at Telissu, then there cannot be very strong forces opposed to the advance of Kuroki and the Third Army under General Nodzu. The strength of the force opposed to the latter is reported to be considerable, but at present we have no adequate information about it.

Northwards, endeavouring to arrest the forward march of Kuroki, Count Keller is said to have some 30,000 troops, including two divisions of infantry and a Cossack division under General Rennenkampf, who was wounded in the action to the north of Saimatse on July 13.

Here it was that on the 17th inst., under cover of a thick fog, the Russians assaulted the Japanese position in the Motien-ling Pass. Why this attack was made is not very clear, unless it was believed that Kuroki's force had been reduced to strengthen the armies to the south. In any case, the Russians were driven back at every point and pursued for some distance. Evidently, from the number of casualties and other indications, Count Keller has suffered a serious repulse. The incident proves that the Japanese are just as good behind entrenchments in resisting an assault as they have shown themselves to be in delivering one. It would seem also one more demonstration of the vacillating policy of the Russian General, who, if he wished to turn the Japanese out of the pass, which they took nearly three weeks ago, should have been prompt to deliver his counterstroke, and not have waited so long. His tardy action is not likely to interfere with the Japanese plans.

Turning to the sea, the point of interest at the present moment is to be found in the Red Sea, where there are apparently two or more Russian Volunteer Fleet cruisers, with a torpedo-boat, engaged in the task of searching European vessels. The action of these ships, which apparently passed through the Dardanelles flying the commercial flag, and which have now mounted their guns and transformed themselves into vessels of war, appears at least likely to form the subject of diplomatic protest. It has yet to be shown on what pretext they have acted in this most reprehensible manner, which appears to be an infraction of the Treaty of Paris, and a direct breach of an expressed provision of international law, by which regular mails are declared to be immune from confiscation. It should be remembered that the action of Russian naval officers has already been repudiated by the Czar on one occasion, and it seems likely that it only requires representation to be made diplomatically, but with a sufficiently strong hint as to what may happen in case of a refusal, to insure that these cruisers are prevented from continuing such a dangerous line of action.



THE PROPOSED NATIONAL PURCHASE OF WORDSWORTHIAN SCENERY: THE HEAD OF ULLSWATER FROM LYULPH'S CRAG, GOWBARROW FELL.

shillings and half-crowns as they gave them to the Brandelhow purchase, but "would wish the public-spirited donors who feel inclined to help in this national enterprise to give larger sums, and thus make it possible to hand on to posterity the wild beauty of Gowbarrow Fell and Aira Force." Among those willing to acknowledge donations is Sir Robert Hunter, Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY. BY R.N.

Although the fresh news from Manchuria does not bulk very largely, and what there is cannot be considered of a very trustworthy character, all the indications point to the steady development on clearly defined lines of such a situation as we have already laid before our readers. Nothing is more certain than that the Japanese do not intend to abate one jot of the caution they have exhibited throughout. As each portion of the army advances, it carefully entrenches itself before it makes another move. But all the time the communication between the several parts is maintained, and each move is the complement of something that has been done or is going to be done elsewhere. Meantime, General Kuropatkin is fully employed hurrying from one end to the other of his detached position, vainly endeavouring to remedy shortcomings partly inherent from the deficiencies of his field state, partly due, we must suppose, to the mistakes of his subordinates.

The latest telegrams from the Russian side seem to give us a better indication of the disposition of the General's forces. His headquarters, and probably the greater portion of his main field army, are apparently in the neighbourhood of Ta-shih-chiao, which is one of the four most important stations on the railway-line between Port Arthur and Mukden. It is about midway between Kai-ping and Hai-cheng, and is the junction of the branch line running westwards to Ying-kau or New-cheng. The district around Ta-shih-chiao is very hilly, and the imperial high-road, which comes from the south in a parallel line to the west of the railway, here makes a wide bend and is separated by high ground from the railroad, until it again bends back to the eastward at Hai-cheng. It seems likely that this locality is destined to be the theatre of a great battle if Kuropatkin should decide to stand anywhere south of Hai-cheng. It is not, from any point of view available to us, an ideal position for

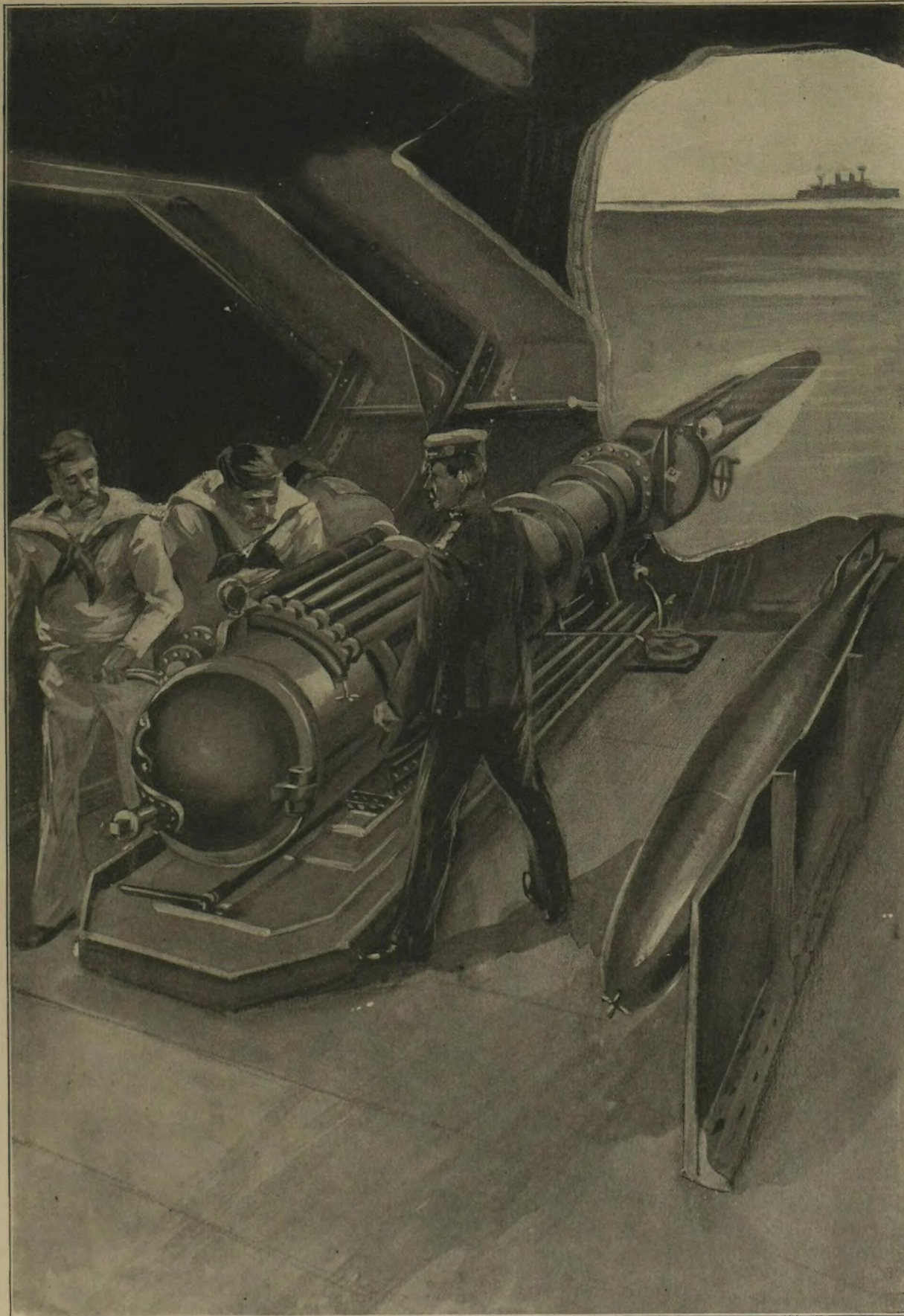


THE PRESERVATION OF A FOREST MONARCH: THE TOTTERING "GRIZZLY GIANT" OF CALIFORNIA, TO BE SAVED BY A STATE COMMISSION.

This tree on the Sierra Nevada is over 4000 years old. It is 224 ft. high, 105 ft. in girth, and 33 ft. in diameter. At present it is 18½ ft. out of the perpendicular, but is to be braced into position again.

SCIENCE IN WARFARE: UNDER-WATER SHOOTING, AND THE MAGNIFYING OF SOUND.

DRAWINGS BY W. RUSSELL FLINT AND A. FORESTIER.



SHOOTING BELOW THE WATER-LINE: THE SUBMERGED TORPEDO-TUBE IN ACTION.

Our Illustration, based on material supplied by the courtesy of the "Scientific American," shows the launching of a torpedo from a submerged torpedo-tube on board an American battle-ship. The aiming is done from the deck by swinging the ship round. In the picture the ship's side is supposed to be partially removed to show the water-line and the distant enemy.



THE MEGAPHONE IN USE BY A JAPANESE SIGNALLING PARTY.

The enlarged form of speaking-trumpet known as the megaphone is capable of greatly intensifying the power of the human voice. For sea and land signalling it is invaluable, and has been used with effect by the Japanese during their operations on the coast of the Liao-tung Peninsula. Communication between ships and the shore has been carried on with ease.

PLAYWRIGHT-PLAYERS: CHARITY MATINÉE OF MR. GILBERT'S BURLESQUE OF "HAMLET."

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM "ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN," PLAYED BY PLAYWRIGHTS AT THE GARRICK THEATRE, JULY 19.

The cast was composed entirely of distinguished dramatic authors. The plot turns upon the King's having written in his youth a very inferior tragedy, which it is death to mention. Hamlet in innocence procures a copy, reads it to the Court, amid great laughter, and is banished to England. Messrs. Anthony Hope and Bernard Shaw, though billed, were unable to appear.

THE QUEEN IN THE EAST END: VISITS TO ST. GEORGE'S AND THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



1. MISS ELSIE CORBETT, THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST, PRESENTS A BOUQUET TO THE QUEEN.

2. THE QUEEN WELCOMED WITH THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

On July 14 the Queen visited two flower shows—one at the People's Palace, and another at St. George's-in-the-East. These two annual horticultural exhibitions do much to brighten the lives of the toilers in the East End.

CAPTAIN WYVERN'S ADVENTURE

A STORY OF 1644

By "Q"

Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT.

CHAPTER I.

A PHILOSOPHICAL man will go far before he discover a pastime more grateful or better soothing to his mind than painting in water-colours. I have heard angling preached up for a better; and when I answered on behalf of water-colours that it does not matter how ill you do it, was replied to that the same holds with angling if cheerfully practised. Well, then, at angling I make a cast and hitch my line over a bough, or it drops into some thicket, and thereat how can a man keep tranquil? No, no: I had liefer stain paper any day of the week.

On Saturday afternoon, the 10th of August, 1644—a very fair hot day—while I sat in the pleasant shady church of Boconnoc, near by Lord Mohun's house

in Cornwall, copying down the writings on the monuments and the scutcheons in the windows in their right colours, it came into my mind to consider much that had happened to me in two years: how that fate had made a soldier of me, a plain Essex squire; how that, not content, it had promoted me to command a troop in his Majesty's regiment of horse; how that I, who had often desired to visit Cornwall for the sake of its ancient monuments, but had never thought

(being by habit lethargic) to make so far a journey, was not only arrived there, but had leisure to follow my studies amid the fret and drilling of a great army.

Yet it was all very simple. On the 1st of August we had marched with his Majesty across the passes of the Tamar, the Earl of Essex giving ground before us and daily withdrawing his forces closer around Fowey; where, having a good harbour, he could easily fetch his victuals in from the sea. I will not tell how little by little we prevented him, and at last, surprising a fort by the harbour's entry, cut him off from aid of his shipping. All this was to come. Meanwhile, though pent in a few miles of ground, he had a fair back-door for his needs. The campaign was brought to a lock, and for almost two weeks we pushed matters half-heartedly; I believe, because the King had hopes of bringing the enemy to terms. Many letters came and went by trumpet; but in our camp on the moors over Boconnoc we did little from day to day save meet and picquer with small bodies of the rebel horse.

My duties giving me leisure, I turned to my favourite studies; and Lord! how good it seemed to be antiquary again after two years of soldiering! That afternoon I played with my box of paints as a child who comes home for his first holidays, and takes down his familiar toys from the shelf. "Let others," said I, forgetting all the distractions of our poor realm of England, "let others have the making of history so I may keep the enjoying of it!" They were famous scutcheons, too, that I sat a-copying, the Mohuns having been Earls of Somerset, Lords of Dunster, and a great family in their day. Mohun, indeed, had come with the Conqueror—

Le viel William de Moion
Ont avec li maint compaignon,

said the rhyme, as I remembered: and, behold! a fair monument against the north wall of the chancel (where I began) carried the royal coat of England and France with a label, impaling the ground *or* and engrailed cross *sable* of the Mohuns—this for a Philippa of their house that married with Edward, Duke of York, slain at Agincourt: and, beside it, Courtenay's three torteaux and FitzWilliam's three bendlets, Beville and Brewer, Strange and Redvers, a coat *vert* with three bucks' heads having their antlers depressed (which I took for Hayre), and another coat unknown to me. "But for certain you are a good one," said I while I painted it, for it bore *azure* a bend *or*, with a label of three points *gules*. "Scrope or Grosvenor?" said I to myself, looking up from my work towards the East windows, where the same scutcheon was repeated. "I wonder which claims you in these parts."

The shield that bore this famous device had it quartered on the sinister side with Courtenay and Redvers; and impaling these on the dexter side were, quarterly: (1) A space patched with clear glass (originally Mohun, no doubt); (2) *Vert* three stags' heads *or* (? Hayre); (3) *azure* three bendlets *or* (Fitz-William); (4) a device which again puzzled me. It seemed to be an arm habited in a maunch, or sleeve, *ermine*, holding in the hand a golden flower.



Now while I stood conning the coats in the East window, he drew towards me.

Now while I painted, an old man had been moving about the far end of the church, whom I took for the sexton. I had passed him in the churchyard outside, when he was scything down the grass upon a grave; and had noted no more of his back than that he wore the clothes of a hind with a scrap of sacking over his shoulders—nor perhaps would have noted so much as this, had not his clothing seemed over-warm for the time of year.

But now, while I stood conning the coats in the East window, he drew towards me and spoke, stretching forward a hand timidly, almost touching my elbow.

"Sir," said he, and his voice and face bore instant witness together of gentle birth, "I am gladly at your service if anything there perplex you." With that he nodded towards the coats-of-arms.

In a trice I had recovered myself. "Then you, too, have a taste for such trifles?" answered I. "We are well met, Sir."

He shook his head, avoiding my look. You might have called his a noble face, but more than anything else it was patient. "I belong to these parts," said he; "and would ask a stranger to use my small knowledge: but, for myself, all such things may pass with me into oblivion, and I say 'Amen.'"

Said I then, "Maybe you can tell me of that coat in the fourth quarter dexter—the hand grasping a gold fleur-de-lys."

"Willingly," said he. "That is another device of the Mohuns, who in later times changed it for the sable cross enrailed. At the first they bore a man's hand in a sleeve: the flower it grasps came to them in this way: There was a certain Reginald Mohun, Lord of Dunster, who gave himself entirely to good works and founded a great abbey at Newenham, on the Somerset border. That was in Henry the Third's time—I think in twelve hundred and forty-six or, maybe, fifty. Having seen his abbey consecrated, he passed to the Court of Rome, which in those days was held at Lyons, to have his charters confirmed, and he happened there in Lent, when the Pope's custom was, on a day after hearing *Laetare Jerusalem*, to give a rose or flower of gold to the most honourable man then to be found at his court. They made inquiry that year and found the most honourable to be this Reginald Mohun, of whom the Pope asked what rank he bore in England. Mohun answered, 'a plain Knight bachelor.' 'Fair son,' said the Pope, 'hardly can I give you then this flower, which has never been given to one below a King or a Duke, or, at least, an Earl; therefore we will that you shall be Earl of Este'—which, as you know, is Somerset. Mohun answered, 'Holy Father, I have not wherewithal to maintain that title.' So the Pope gave him two hundred marks a year out of the Peter's pence; and so the Mohuns added golden flowers to their arms."

"I thank you, Sir," said I. "But whose is this other noble coat of *azure* with the bend *or*? Did Grosvenor ever wed in these parts? Or Scrope?"

"Neither," said he. "That coat is mine."

"Yours?" I cried, surprised out of good manners. "But this, Sir, is the very coat over which Scrope and Grosvenor contended."

"Any are welcome to it now," he answered. "But it is Carminowe, and I am Carminowe."

"I ought to have known of a third claimant," said I, musing. "I have indeed heard of Carminowe; but I had thought the family to be long since perished."

He drew back a little and scanned me. "*Finis rerum*," said he quietly; "it comes to all; but sometimes it lingers, and—as with me—lingers overlong. I believe, Sir, that you are a Captain in his Majesty's Troop, and will have seen your share of fighting and of life in camp. Your present occupation proves you to be a contemplative man. Will you answer if I put to you a question or two?"

"Willingly," said I.

"You are unmarried?"

"I am."

"And you volunteered for the King's service in a hot-fit of loyalty; or maybe in a hot-fit of indignation at the perils threatening him, or against the insolence

of Parliament? You had come to an age when, with cooling judgment, these fits grow rare yet have not quite given over their patient to the calm of middle life.—You will tell me if I guess amiss?"

"But on the contrary, Sir," said I; "you have read me correctly. 'Twas in a passion of loyalty that I took up arms."

"And in the quest of it," he went on, "you fancied that all the currents of your nature had been swept into a fresh channel; that you were a new man; that this upheaving strife altered the face of all things, and you along with it."

"Why, and so it has!" cried I.

"Nay, but think awhile! You have marched and countermarched for—how long?—two years?—two years of that period of life when honest thoughtful men turn to making account with themselves, try to learn why they were sent into the world and what to



A pack of cards kept
us well amused.

do, observe the hopes and ambitions of their fellows, prove their own limits, and so set up their rest against old age and death. You rode from home under a sudden persuasion that your business in the world, and the business of all these thousands of different men, was to defend his Majesty. How long this persuasion held you I will not guess; yet I do not doubt that, as the days went by, you observed all these particles of an army returning to their true natures—the young gentlemen of your troop picquering in bravado, or in mere love of a skirmish, because their blood is hot; coarser fellows lusting to break heads for the sake of plunder; craftier knaves, who know that war is insanely wasteful, robbing their own side at less risk; calculators such as Wilmot, Grenville, Goring, playing for high stakes under the fence of warfare, which of itself interests them not a jot. As for you, Sir—I took note of your horse just now at the churchyard gate. You see well to his grooming."

"I groom him always with my own hand," said I.

"To be sure—a man of method, strict and punctual in all soldierly duties! But the savour has gone out of them. Where the treasure is, there will the heart lie also." He nodded toward my drawings.

Now there lurked a nettle of truth in his words, and it stung me.

"And where may your treasure lie, Sir?" I asked pretty sharply.

"Come," said he, and led the way out into the churchyard. The sun was fast declining, and the light fell in warm beams against the gravestones and over the belted trees that ringed the prospect. He waved a hand.

"From the high land above us, Sir, you may look almost to two seas; and between these two seas all was once Carminowe's. Two hundred years before the Normans came, Carminowe was a great man; and for four hundred years after."

"A wide treasure," said I.

"You will not find my heart hid beneath a single turf of it, but here only," said he, and pointed; and I looked down upon a green grave.

"I think that I understand, Sir," said I, as gently as might be. "He was your son."

He bent his head. Yet anon shook it, patiently dissenting. "He was my son; the child of my old age. But, to understand, you must first be father to such an one, and outlive him."

Now I was casting about for a word or two of comfort, albeit knowing how idle they needs must be, when I heard a galloping on the drive and my name shouted lustily; and there came riding down to the gate from northward our Colonel Digby, waving a paper in his hand.

"Wyvern!" he called, as he reined up. "I have a favour to ask, and have ridden to ask it in person. Read you this letter; but first mount and ride with me to the ridge."

So I untethered my horse, mounted and rode with him to the ridge.

"Tell me what you see yonder."

I stood up in my stirrups, shading my eyes. "I see," said I, "a troop of horse on the third rise. To all appearance the riders are dressed in white."

"They are in their shirts, the dogs! Now read their challenge: for they attend on our answer."

"Tush!" said I, having glanced over the paper in my hand. 'Twas a foolish challenge, signed by one Straughan, Colonel of Horse in the Parliament forces, and dared us to a combat of cavalry, one hundred upon each side—in shirt and breeches, each man carrying but one pistol besides his sword. "Are we boys, that we should heed such braggart nonsense?"

I heard a chuckle beside me, and looked down to see that old Carminowe had run and caught up with us. He lifted the palm of his hand under which he scanned the foe, and his eyes met mine mockingly.

"They have wind," said Digby. "of the Earl's letter." (That morning

a trumpet had returned with an answer to his Majesty's latest propositions; and it ran that Essex had no authority from Parliament to treat, nor could do so without breach of trust.) "And that wind has overblown their vanity."

"Then, with submission, Colonel," I said, "I would send them no answer, but let them cool in their shirts."

"And I agree," he answered, "but, as luck will have it, his Majesty has dictated an answer, and that answer is already on its way."

"To what effect did his Majesty answer?"

"To the same as a certain King of Israel who said, 'Let the young men arise and play before us.' There was no need to drum for volunteers, neither."

"Nay," I grunted, "we had never yet a lack of hot-headed fools!" I had no care to meet the gaze of old Carminowe, but I knew that it was upon me: for he stood close by my stirrup. I knew moreover that it was saying, "You, a staid man, mixt up in this folly! And this King who forwards it for sport—is this he whom your life's business was to defend?"

Now—as the army would understand it—our Colonel's seeking me in person, when so many would have striven for the chance to shine under his Majesty's

eyes, was a high compliment; and the higher since certain of the hottest young bloods had (as I heard later) stipulated for my company. Yet for the moment I was angered, reading old Carminowe's thought and knowing it to be true. I had no natural taste for this bravery of mere fighting: and that I had arrived to be a man sought out for fighting was but a proof how empty the mass of men exalts it above civil pursuits, seeing that my credit rested wholly on certain habits of steadiness and caution that in any other business I should have applied as cheerfully. I felt no desire at all to shine for his Majesty's light approbation, albeit, two years ago, I had enlisted in a fervour to die for his crown; and feeling my uneasiness under old Carminowe's gaze, I cursed him silently for having read me better than hitherto I had read myself.

But Digby would understand nothing of this. He was a good fighter and a good fellow, bred and trained in military vanities.

So I answered him curtly that, if this folly were afoot and now inevitable, I would come. I spoke too sourly perhaps, and my words, as I could see, wounded him.

"My dear Wyvern," said he, "I thought of you at once, and rode for you expressly. Other men are biting their mustachios at the bare chance of it. The King himself will be looking on."

"You were always my friend," said I, as we spurred forward together.

I wish to waste no words over that foolish combat. We were a hundred a side, drawn up in our shirt-sleeves on two opposing slopes, and we encountered in the hollow between. Digby, who led us, had given the word to hold our pistol-fire for close quarters, and I on the left had wasted a harangue on my troopers to the same effect. But, once the trumpets had sounded "charge," the whole affair became but a wild paper-chase. At forty yards' distance some young fools on the extreme right began popping off their pistols, and in half a dozen strides this infection had run like a wildfire along one line. With ordinary seasoned men of my own troop I had done far better; but these were the picked fools of an army, and the main of them under twenty years old. It is always short work between two bodies of horse meeting in full shock: one swerves and flies, or else goes under; the other presses on: there can be no other way. For me, I managed to unsaddle a man and break through the enemy's right with three troopers after me. Wheeling then, we saw the body of our friends in full flight; and a dozen of our foes, wheeling at the same instant, bore down on us nimbly. We spurred to meet them in second shock: but, as we encountered, one clever round-pate, who had reserved his fire, sent a bullet through my charger's shoulder-pin. I had at that instant a thrust to deliver under the arm of another fellow, and the poor brute's fall took me at unawares. I was flung heavily and stunned; and, the game being over, no doubt his Majesty rode moodily off to supper. Like other Kings, he was trained to sport, but I doubt if he ever arrived at enjoying it.

II.

The main body of the Parliament horse and two regiments at least of their foot were quartered at Lestithiel, in the valley under Boconnoc—a neat tidy town, but not commodious for so great a mob. It stands by an ancient bridge of eight arches, where the tidal water running up from Fowey spends the last of its strength; and there is a Hall and Exchequer where the Dukes of Cornwall had been used to receive their Stannary accounts, with a small prison beside for debtors and offenders under the laws of Stannary.

This prison being crowded already with prisoners taken by the rebels, the Provost Marshal clapped me, with nine others made captive in the above skirmish, in the parish church of St. Bartholomew; and there set a guard over us, using us more gently (I suppose) for that we had come to him in more ceremonious fashion than by the ordinary hazard of war. The rebel cavalry had turned the church into a stable, and defiled it past description. Also I heard a tale of their having led a horse to the font and christened him Charles—a double insult to God and to their King; but will say in fairness that they practised no such blasphemy during my sojourn there, nor seemed the men to do it, but went about their grooming and feeding of their horses soberly enough, making no more of the church than if it had indeed been a stable. Over us they kept strict watch, but fed us as well as they themselves fared and showed us no incivility; nay, at my request one found pen, ink, and paper for me that I might pass the time away by copying the scutcheons in the windows, the glass of which they had spared.

Among us ten unfortunates were two young gentlemen of Cornwall, Humphrey Grylls and John Trecarrel (but as "Jack" saluted by everyone). They both had hurts: Grylls a shot through the flesh of an arm, with two broken ribs to boot; Trecarrel a slight glancing wound across the left lower ribs. For myself, I had taken no harm beyond the bruise of my tumble, though my head swam for days after and I suffered from frequent fits of nausea. The other seven were common troopers, decent fellows; and one carried in his breeches' pocket a pack of cards, which kept us well amused until a Roundhead sergeant, discovering our play, reported it to the Provost-Marshal, who took the cards away.

In this church of Lestithiel then, I dwelt from the day of my capture (August 10) until the last of the month, and on the whole very cheerfully; for we saw that the rebels intended us no injury; and from some of them we had news of Sir Jacob Astley's seizing the forts at the entry of Fowey Haven and so cutting off Essex from his supplies by sea; wherefore we told ourselves that

the Earl must either surrender or make a desperate push to cut a way through his Majesty's posts, and that, whichever he might choose, our liberty would not be long delayed.

Also, and besides my copying of the scutcheons, I pleased myself with composing of a chronogramma which I here present to the reader. I thought it mighty ingenious at the time: and so it is, and I spent four days upon it—

VlVat reX, CoMes esseXIVs DlssIpat Vr.

or, in English, "Long live the King, the Earl of Essex is put to the rout." You will see that, by taking out from the Latin all the letters that stand for Roman numerals—and no other—you get the Annus Domini 1644: in this way—

MDC	together make sixteen hundred	}	the total 1644.
and			
XXVVVV	forty		
and			
III	four		

I have shown it to many in private, and all agree that no better chronogramma was made during the late troubles: but, to be sure, I had leisure for it.

To leave these toys—on the last day but one of August, and a little before nine in the evening, there came into the church (that was lit by a few lanterns only) two foot-soldiers bearing a ladder between them and a rope, which presently they set down in a corner by the belfry and departed. They being scarce gone, by-and-by there entered two other soldiers with a prisoner, whom they unbound—for his arms had been trussed behind him—and bade make what cheer he might until the morrow. Now, whether he had spied us or not as they brought him in I cannot say; but, being loosed, he moved at first down the aisle uncertainly as a man might who found even the dull light too strong for his eyes—then with a quick tottering step towards us, that were gathered around a lantern and taking our supper near the belfry; and as he drew toward us I knew him for old Carminowe.

"Why, what harm can they have found in you?" asked I, taking his hand as fellows will in misfortune, and giving him a seat beside us. At this distance of time I will own that this speech of mine seems not over-delicate; yet these were the words I used, and, be sure, I meant them well.

He put my question aside. "You had ill-luck," he said. "I watched you from the high ground, and my heart went with you; that is to say, with you, Sir—and with you." Here he bowed to Grylls and Jack Trecarrel, and went on as if explaining his performance lucidly. "My son, Sirs, had he lived, would have been about your age. He died at eighteen, and a few months; but I think of him year by year as alive and growing, and so I seem to share in his hopes and his high mettle."

My companions—as well they might—stared at him, and from him to me; thinking, no doubt, that here was some madman.

"Excuse me," said I, and presented him formally. "This gentleman and I are, in a fashion, acquaintances. He is a countryman of yours, by name Carminowe."

"Carminowe?" Young Grylls looked at him musingly. "I have read the name on a hundred old parchments at home."

"The estates, Sir," said Carminowe, "have passed into many hands, but into none worthier than that of Grylls."

"Faith, that's handsomely said!" answered Grylls, perceiving now that, in spite of the old man's dress, he had to do with a gentleman. "And, as for the estates, our greed (which, a generation or two back, was a scandal) has not swallowed them all, I hope?—though, for that matter, if these crop-eaters prevail, 'tis little enough that any of us will inherit."

"They will not prevail at this bout," said the old man. "At Fowey, they tell me, the Earl has but six days' provisions and is planning to slip away by sea. Between this and the coast the soldiers have eaten all bare; in a day or two they must break through or surrender, and I think, gentlemen, I can promise you will be soon enlarged."

"You speak with assurance, Sir," said I, handing him a crust and filling a pannikin for him from our common pail of water.

"And yet," said he, with a faint smile, "I am no combatant: no, nor even a spy—though to-morrow morning they are to hang me for one."

(To be concluded.)

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MADAME VIGÉE LEBRUN.

The ineffable quality of the classic was the birth-right of Madame Vigée Lebrun. Not only did her painting give her a place beside the Old Masters, but her personality, her environment, every accessory, indeed, of her genius combined to place her on a plane for which the only adequate description is that ultra-precious epithet "remote." She swims in an atmosphere of elegance and refinement; the great world of France, as it existed just before the Revolution, was at her feet; the upheaval and the Terror lend a grim pathos to her life-story, and through all her gaieties and sorrows she shines with the gentle radiance of a pure and exalted character. For such a woman to lift the pen means almost inevitably the creation of literature. So it was with Diana of the Crossways, and although Elisabeth Vigée did not essay fiction, yet her memoirs, being of the times and people they are, being, too, the reflex of so gifted a spirit, could hardly fail to be in some sense as much a classic as their author. Such, of course, is the case, and English readers will be grateful to Mr. Lionel Strachey for his admirable translation of the memoirs which has been published by Mr. Grant Richards.

The idea that genius can thrive only among weeds receives yet another disproof from the career of Madame Lebrun. Nothing could have been more puritanical—nay, prim—than her upbringing. As a girl, she knew nothing of the world, had reached a fair age before she had made any acquaintance with novels ("happily" is her comment), and was religious in a devoted, if formal, style. Yet when fame found her early, and threw her into the vortex of the great world, with its farrago of characters and no characters at all, Elisabeth Vigée was equal to every occasion. Her natural good sense and humour brought her triumphantly through situations where many girls of similar upbringing would have been painfully at a loss. "Some admirers of my face," runs the painter's epigram, "gave me commissions to paint theirs." They hoped to get into her good graces in this way. But the artist, who confesses that before her marriage she had read "nothing but sacred literature, such as the moral precepts of the Holy Fathers, which contained everything one needs to know; and some of my brother's class-books," passes from these admissions to tell quite naturally and simply how she turned the tables on the Lotharios—

As soon as I observed any intention on their part of making sheep's eyes at me, I would paint them looking in another direction than mine, and then, at the least movement of the pupilla, would say, "I am doing the eyes now." . . . This vexed them a little, of course; but my mother, who was always present, and whom I had taken into my confidence, was secretly amused.

Madame Lebrun's pages are full of charming vignettes of the French society of her day, and the everyday life of the Parisians of the pre-Revolution period is mirrored in a way that throws into hideous contrast the terrible times that were at hand. Into the gaieties of her circle Madame Lebrun entered with zest, and the Terror cast across her spirit a cloud that leaves its shadow to the end. She has, indeed, universalised for her readers the sensations that must have been the common heritage of thousands of her countrywomen. Not all the French aristocracy were utterly empty and heartless. In the Revolution, as in every political cataclysm, the innocent suffered with the guilty, and the writer of these memoirs reflects in her pages the feelings of the delicate and cultivated natures on whom the Revolution burst as some hideous and insensate nightmare. It was something not to be understood; its reason and moral significance were hid. On the mob-rule and its atrocities there occurs a singularly significant remark. Talking of Madame du Barry, whom she knew well, and whose portrait she often painted, Madame Lebrun refers to her unheroic conduct on the scaffold, which so moved the mob that the executioner made haste to have done. "This," she says, "has always confirmed my belief that if the victims of that period of execrable memory had not had the noble pride of dying with fortitude, the Terror would have ceased long before it did."

With Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, Madame Lebrun was on the most cordial terms. For them she executed numberless commissions, including the famous group, so satisfying in its composition, of the Queen and her children. This was hung in Versailles in a position where the Queen passed it on her way to and from Mass. After the death of the Dauphin, Marie Antoinette could not pass through the room without shedding tears. She accordingly had the picture removed, but took care to tell the artist the reason.

It is really to the Queen's sensitiveness that I owed the preservation of my picture, for the fishwives who soon afterwards came to Versailles for their Majesties would certainly have destroyed it, as they did the Queen's bed, which was ruthlessly torn apart.

Madame Lebrun notes that the last time she saw the Queen was after the last Court ball at Versailles. The scene was very curious, and already the mutterings of revolutionary thunder were in the air. The Queen was greatly excited, and had some difficulty in obtaining partners. Although she asked many of the young men of the Court to dance with her, they refused. The conduct of these gentlemen appeared to Madame Lebrun's Royalist eyes "exceedingly improper."

The Revolution drove the artist from France. She retired to Rome, where she found an excellent field for her talents, and her record is full of interesting details of her sitters, all people of the great world; and on her travels in Russia, Austria, and England her observations are full of good-natured insight. Her good temper, indeed, seems as unflinching as her portraits would lead us to imagine, and she bore with equanimity the worry of an unsatisfactory marriage with an avaricious husband, who pocketed all her earnings. She was consoled for a time by her affection for her daughter; but the latter's death left her very friendless, and the memoirs close with a note of brave melancholy.

THE CLOSE OF A STIRRING CAREER: SCENES IN THE LIFE OF PAUL KRUGER

BORN, OCTOBER 10, 1825; DIED, JULY 14, 1904.



Paul Kruger.

President Brand. Sir E. Wood.

THE PEACE AFTER MAJUBA: SIR EVELYN WOOD CONCLUDING THE AGREEMENT WITH THE BOERS AT O'NEILL'S FARM, MARCH 21, 1881.



Joubert.

Kruger.

PAUL KRUGER VISITING NATAL AT THE OPENING OF THE CHARLESTOWN RAILWAY.



MR. KRUGER'S FAVOURITE SEAT ON HIS "STOEP," BESIDE THE MARBLE LIONS GIVEN TO HIM BY BARNEY BARNATO.



President Steyn.

ONE OF THE LAST ATTEMPTS TO AVERT THE GREAT WAR: MR. KRUGER MEETING LORD MILNER AT BLOKMFONTEIN.



Photo, White.]

IN THE HEIGHT OF POWER: PRESIDENT KRUGER, HIS FRIENDS, AND HIS BODYGUARD.



PRESIDENT KRUGER AND THE BOER DELEGATES TO LONDON IN 1884.



THE STORMY MONTHS PRECEDING THE WAR: THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO JOHANNESBURG, APRIL 1899.



PAUL KRUGER AND HIS WIFE AT PRETORIA, 1894. (AUTOGRAPH PORTRAIT.)



FRENCH SYMPATHY WITH MR. KRUGER AFTER HIS FLIGHT: THE EX-PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION AT MARSEILLES, NOVEMBER 1900.

SUN-BAKED BISLEY: LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE MARKSMAN'S OLYMPIA.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BISLEY CAMP.



A GREAT COMPETITION, AND MINOR SCENES OF RANGE AND CAMP.

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NOVELS AND BIOGRAPHY.

- The Challoners.* By E. F. Benson. (London: W. Heinemann. 6s.)
- Brothers.* By Horace Annesley Vachell. (London: John Murray. 6s.)
- A Weaver of Webs.* By John Oxenham. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
- The Greatness of Josiah Porlick.* (London: John Murray. 6s.)
- Angelo Bastiani: A Story of Modern Venice.* By Lionel Cust. With Illustrations by Frank Mason, R.B.A. (London: Archibald Constable. 6s.)
- The Garden of Lies.* Justus Miles Forman. (London: Ward, Lock. 6s.)
- A November Cry.* By Frances G. Burmester. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)
- The Life of Major-General Wauchope.* By Sir George Douglas, Bart. (London: Hoidder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.)
- Harry Furniss at Home.* Written and Illustrated by Himself. (London: Fisher Unwin. 16s.)
- Oddities, Others, and I.* By Henriette Corkran. (London: Hutchinson. 10s.)

Mr. E. F. Benson has written some amusing novels; but he has apparently conceived the idea that he ought to be serious and didactic. "The Challoners" is the story of an austere parson, whose twin children give him great anxiety. The boy, instead of passing his examinations at Cambridge, becomes a great musician, and turns Roman Catholic. The girl falls in love with a nobleman who is a convinced atheist. In this situation the feelings of the Honourable and Reverend Sidney Challoner would be entitled to sympathy if he were not such an incredible fool. A father who tells his daughter that he would rather see her the mistress than the wife of an atheist nobleman is clearly a lunatic, and lunatics in fiction are tiresome. Moreover, the atheist nobleman is a mere dummy, and the girl is little better. As for the young musician who startles London by his playing of the piano, and then dies of typhoid, there is not a single moment when we can believe in him. An incoherent lady who befriends young Martin Challoner would be entertaining if we had not met her type in so many novels. The only interesting question suggested by this book is how the author, who is a really intelligent man, contrived to persevere with it to the end without any visible suspicion of its emptiness.

In a sub-title Mr. Vachell defines his new novel, "Brothers," as "a true history of a fight against odds"; and in a prefatory note he explains that his story is to a great extent "founded on fact," as the phrase is. By that is meant, we take it, that if the biographies of certain people, whose names are known to several, were to be honestly written, they should set forth as actual experiences many of the incidents and circumstances here introduced into a piece of fiction. The explanation whets our curiosity without satisfying it, and quite unnecessarily. True, it is offered by Mr. Vachell to defend himself against a possible charge of doubtful taste in making this use of the material of life, and does so successfully. But a worse sin in an author than a breach of good taste in this sense is the breach of artistic taste in obtruding upon the reader a consideration with which he has absolutely nothing to do. It is of no importance whatsoever that a story is founded on fact—of no importance to the reader, that is—yet undoubtedly, in spite of himself, the announcement that it is so founded colours its pages for him as he peruses them. In this particular case our feeling is one of amazement and irritation that Mark Samphire should have had such an unnecessary battle to fight. For the odds against which he had to struggle were—it will scarce be credited—that he stammered, a physical impediment that can easily be cured if it is treated properly and in time. We are not profoundly struck by the ingenuity of actual experience in providing a situation for a novel. The point is, however, that, having adopted it, Mr. Vachell builds upon it effectively. The stammering Mark fights against the odds to the end—outwardly a failure, but inwardly victorious; while over his defeat his brother Archibald steps to a triumph that is of the world only, and hollow. And the contrast is made to grip our minds and imaginations.

Mr. Oxenham is fortunate, in that his story is to some extent countenanced by actualities. Did we not know the possibilities of the Balkans, had the kidnapping of Miss Stone and the capture of Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley by that "kindly hearted native gentleman" Raisuli never taken place, Mr. Oxenham would certainly have been accused of abusing possibility; as it is, he must be said to have stretched probability almost to breaking point. His novel, however, is none the worse for that. Romance unaided by the long arm of coincidence is apt to become anæmic, and for the sake of full-blooded romance it is easy to forgive even the creation of a Count who is also "chief of all the brigands of the Rhodopes," and a Pasha of money-making and generally rascally tendencies. Less waiving of prejudice is required in the case of the other characters. The hero, Basil Reigne, Attaché to the British Embassy in Vienna, and the heroine, the beautiful and wealthy Princess Marie Obdanovitch, are all that the most exacting seekers after youthful perfection could require; that admirable *grande dame*, the Dowager Duchess of Malplaquet, of the caustic tongue, is delightful; the less important personages fall readily into place. Altogether, "A Weaver of Webs" is a medley of Continental Court society and modern brigandage, of comedy and tragedy, of love, diplomacy, and sensationalism. It has not quite the charm, the freshness of "Barbe of Grand Bayou," but it is none the less pleasant reading.

The history of Josiah Porlick is, to a limited extent, a modern variation of the theme of Everyman, who, it will be remembered, clung to Good Deeds, all worldly friends forsaking him, when Death summoned him to

the grim isolation of the grave. There are, however, these differences: that Everyman seems to have been an ordinarily pleasant fellow, and that his good actions, though few, were sincere, and sustained him in his extremity; whereas Josiah Porlick was a self-seeking and exceptionally disagreeable individual, who came miserably to the common end. His character, with its vanity and overmastering greed and violent temper, is convincingly drawn in a book which is less a novel than an exposition of the deceitfulness of riches. Mr. Porlick was a commercial genius who happened to be a bully into the bargain, and whose progress from retail ironmonger in a small way to successful merchant was blotted throughout by his malignant harshness to his dependents. The moral—for it is frankly a book with a moral—is, if we read it correctly, that the acquisition of wealth as a ruling passion is a soul-destroying disease; but we think its force will be a little discounted by the fact that Mr. Porlick was evidently a born tyrant, and whether he had possessed abnormal business abilities or not, was certain to have been an intolerable person. This, however, in no way lessens the power of the portrait his anonymous author has painted of him and his family, or mitigates the tragedy of his grasping, eager life's futility. "The Greatness of Josiah Porlick" is written with great sincerity, without a grain of amateurishness or affectation, and its directness strikes home.

Mr. Lionel Cust, in "Angelo Bastiani," tells a story of so much unmerited and unconsoling anguish that it is painful to learn, from the dedication, its actuality. For the writer does compel attention, sympathy, and distress, albeit he tells his tale without any appeal of style. It is not only that he avoids all the ordinary efforts at emotional writing, and is not ambitious to be powerful, and still less to be subtle. But he does not allow himself so much as the vibrating tone, the tense note, that has become a veritable habit in the fiction of the day. He does not even give us the sentence without a verb in it which is the literary impressionism, and sketches a picture at the beginning of the customary novel. Mr. Cust goes on from the beginning to the dreadful end with a peculiar swiftness. He pauses upon nothing: agony of heart, jealousy, assassination, insanity, the unrelaxed misfortune of the helpless—all are narrated. Narrated is the word; and yet it is not done with aloofness, impartiality, or apparent indifference, after the manner of Zola. Mr. Cust does not profess to have no care for the sorrows he tells; neither has he taken the more fashionable tone of despair, with which it is the easiest thing in the world to make a cheap effect. On the contrary, there is a curious serenity which does not fall short of nobility. Mr. Cust has, besides, more than the common tourist's knowledge of the Italians: his gondolier, his priest, so easily conventional figures in English fiction, are natural and true and essentially simple, as in life they are.

The romance of the imaginary kingdom situated nowhere in Eastern Europe still enjoys vigorous life, and practitioner after practitioner arises to beguile us with these specious and exciting tales. Mr. Justus Miles Forman has hit upon a good idea for his story of the Prince of Novodnia, and he contrives to carry it through with *élan* and plausibility, if not with the subtlety of the master and pioneer of this department of fiction. Carl of Novodnia married an American heiress, who, on the wedding-day, was thrown out of the carriage and so sorely injured that she lost all recollection of ceremony and husband. She was placed under medical care in Paris, and when she had so far recovered as to be able to hear the story of her marriage she endangered her reason by over-eagerness to meet the husband she could not remember. The Prince, though eager to claim her, was detained in Novodnia by political questions, for his people were displeased at his marriage with a commoner; so his agents, anxious to save the Princess's reason, engaged Denis Mallory, soldier of fortune and drunkard, to impersonate Carl. Of course he falls in love with the lady, rises from blackguardism to heights of self-sacrifice, and finally escapes from the "garden of lies." The narrative suffers from cold dissection, and, without the author's embroidery, seems lacking in verisimilitude, but it is an entertaining book for a holiday afternoon.

"A November Cry" belongs to the great middle-class of novels upon which the critic finds difficulty in pronouncing a concise verdict without either doing less than justice to their good qualities or passing too lightly over their weaknesses. Here, for example, is a love story, with just so much tragedy intermixed as may be judged to please the public; with a "happy-ever-after" suggestion in the last chapter, obviously inserted from the same motive; with an interesting central character and nicely drawn subsidiary ones, and some powerful rustic situations—all the ingredients, in fact, of an excellent novel; and yet it is not an excellent novel, it is merely a readable one. The truth appears to be that it was not written because the author had a story that was burning to be told, which was the reason that should have justified its entrance into the overcrowded field of fiction, but because Miss Burmester knew that, given the stock ingredients, her dexterity would compound a very fair novel. She wrote "A November Cry" accordingly, and since novels must please the public, she filled it with matter that would amuse the average reader; and, be it said, she has quite a good opinion of his intelligence. This, however, is not the way to bring lusty literary offspring into being; yet it is likely that if Miss Burmester had written of her own free conviction, as here and there she permits herself to do, and from her heart, she would have produced a live romance. Meanwhile the reviewer recommends her book to those in search of entertainment, and who will be able to appreciate the nicety

with which their probable tastes are judged, without regretting the cramped ability that is serving them.

General Wauchope came of an old and fighting line. His grandfather fell commanding the 20th Regiment of Foot at the battle of the Pyrenees; his great-grandfather (a brother-in-law, by the way, of Sir David Baird, the hero of Seringapatam) fought at Minden, and lived to be apostrophised by Sir Walter Scott in a ballad written to celebrate the visit of George IV. to Scotland—

Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,
Girt with the sword that Minden knew,
We have owre few sic lairds as you.

There are, besides, records of many other warriors in the family, which has held the lands of Niddrie since the fourteenth century at least. "Andy" Wauchope, as the hero of Magersfontein was generally called, was a soldier worthy of these traditions, but he was more. In the army, indeed, his rise was comparatively slow, and although he saw much active service, and commanded a brigade in the Soudan as well as the Highland Brigade at the Modder River, it was as a company and regimental officer that he shone. Whatever we may think of Sir George Douglas's handling of this volume—and criticism regarding the selection of material ought not to be pressed against the official biographer—we can heartily recognise his sympathetic treatment of Wauchope's personality. We carry away from this "Life" the impression of a high-minded, loyal, chivalrous, neighbourly Scottish gentleman, with a deeply religious spirit which shone out in deeds rather than in profession. No one who reads it will be surprised at the grief with which the news of his death was received by his countrymen. Circumstances, moreover, brought him into prominence in politics. At first sight he did not appear to be an ideal opponent to meet Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian, and he was himself too modest to consider himself such; but, as everybody knows, the result was that the "very respectable man" (this was Mr. Gladstone's single reference to him during the campaign) gave the great Parliamentarian a check which considerably mortified him.

There is attractive matter for idle hours in "Harry Furniss at Home": the holiday-maker will not easily find a more cheerful companion. Few men could serve the Press so long and so faithfully as Mr. Furniss has served it without collecting a good store of merry jests and stories that are never quite out of season. The author allows his mood to guide his pen: he writes *de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis*; and as he is his own effective illustrator, the harmony between letterpress and picture is sustained throughout the book. Famous men, the living as well as the dead, pass in procession through his pages, or rest in some of the clever sketches scattered through them, and many of the stories, as well as the pictures, are published for the first time. Mr. Furniss discusses the troubles of lecturers and the joys of golf, passes lightly from models to Coronation Day, deals tenderly with the late Paul Blouet and severely with Lord's Cricket Ground, rambles from reminiscences of the Slavin-Jackson fight to recollections of the City when the late Mr. Barnato was to be seen in Throgmorton Street, and finishes his book with a few candid remarks addressed to autograph-hunters, who seem to have treated him with little consideration. Apparently, Mr. Furniss has been content to record impressions and recollections as they have come to him, and of the success of this method of book-making there can be no doubt in the present instance. Probably the plan would yield little to the man who could not wield pen and pencil with equal facility. "Harry Furniss at Home" is, after its kind, a literary and artistic salad, with perhaps a little too much vinegar in the dressing. This, doubtless, will not be esteemed a fault by many of his readers, and indeed it is inevitable that a caricaturist should have a keen eye for the defects of his fellow-men. At the same time, the book leaves a distinctly pleasant impression, and would have been even better for rather more careful revision.

Miss Corkran says she is an impressionist, and that we must not expect her to be accurate in every detail. So when we find her speaking of Mr. Sargent as an eminent portrait-painter years before his name was heard of, we remember her warning and pass on with a smile. It is enough that Miss Corkran is a first-rate storyteller, and dramatises her recollections with abounding vivacity and point. She could have entitled her book, "Men I Might Have Married," for they figure in profusion. Miss Corkran was a mere girl when she was placed under the escort of the elderly Dr. C. for the journey to Paris. Dr. C. had just lost his wife, for whom he sorrowed deeply; but this did not prevent him from proposing to Miss Corkran between Dover and Paris. She went to a fancy-dress ball as a white cat, and overheard a monk proposing to a Marguerite. The monk was the faithless Dr. C. He retired eventually to a monastery, and Miss Corkran revenged herself by addressing to him some ardent letters copied out of a breach of promise case, knowing that they would be read by the horrified Superior. At Lucerne she met a Protestant pastor, whose devotion to her grew alarming, especially in a churchyard in the dead of night. He declared that she had fooled him, and we are bound to say judiciously that he had reason to complain. Then there was a Russian Nihilist up the Rigi, who was saved from suicide by Miss Corkran's mocking laugh. He showed her the pistol. They wandered down the mountain-side, and she might easily have had him at her feet, but magnanimously let the opportunity slip. There was a Frenchman at the Boulogne Casino, who was ready to marry her, even without a *dot*. In fine, Miss Corkran, when she was a girl, played havoc with the heart of man. Youth may have fled, but her irresistible gaiety remains, and makes her book vastly better reading than a wilderness of novels.

THE CHINAMAN IN SOUTH AFRICA: EARLY ARRIVALS OF THE NEW LABOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. A. WATSON, JOHANNESBURG.



DETRAINING IN SOUTH AFRICA.



AFTER DETRAINING.



CHINAMEN'S LUGGAGE.



TYPES OF CHINESE LABOURERS.



ON THE MARCH TO THE COMPOUND.



CHINAMEN'S COMPOUND, NEW COMET MINE.



FIRST WASH IN SOUTH AFRICA.



IN THE NEW COMET COMPOUND.

"Yellow Labour" may still remain a question to controversialists, but it is none the less an accomplished fact. The first drafts of Chinamen have arrived in South Africa, and are now beginning work in the compounds. Cases of beri-beri are reported among the new-comers.



BELEAGUERED PORT ARTHUR: A BRISK MOMENT IN A RUSSIAN BATTERY.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOFKOE.

MIMIC NAVAL WARFARE: PREPARATIONS FOR THE MANŒUVRES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN CRIBB.



COMMISSIONING THE COMBATANTS: MEN GOING ON BOARD SHIP FOR THE MANŒUVRES.



TAKING IN WAR STORES: BATTLE-SHIPS AND CRUISERS ALONGSIDE OF THE DOCKYARD.



PAST AND PRESENT: THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH (THE FIGURE-HEAD) INSPECTING BLUEJACKETS GOING ON BOARD SHIP FOR THE MANŒUVRES.



SHIPPING SHELLS FOR 12-IN. GUNS ON BOARD A BATTLE-SHIP.



COALING THE SHIPS FOR THE MANŒUVRES AT PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.



COALING WAR-SHIPS WITH THE "HAULABOUTS."

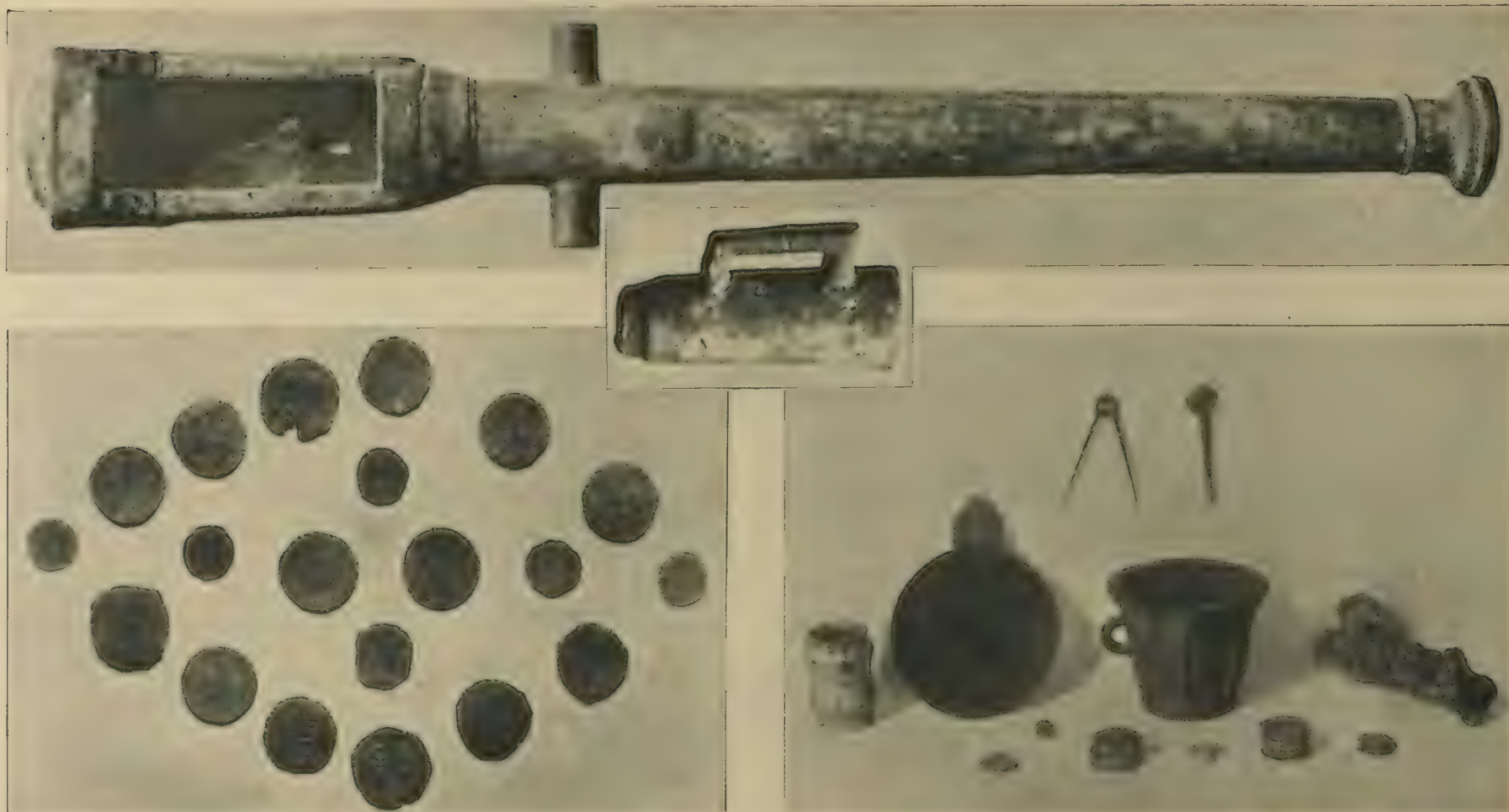
THE VITAL ENERGY OF THE MOTOR: FRESH SUPPLIES OF POWER.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.



BUYING IN THE CHEAPEST MARKET: PETROL SUPPLIES FOR MOTORISTS AT THE PONT DE SURESNES, OUTSIDE PARIS.

Owing to the municipal duties, petrol is dearer in Paris proper than it is in the suburbs. Accordingly a brisk market has sprung up just outside the principal entrances to the city.



1. BREACH-LOADING CANNON OF BRONZE.
 2. THE POWDER-CHAMBER OF THE CANNON.
 3. COINS OF PHILIP II. OF SPAIN, WITH ONE OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA (X).
 4. COMPASSES, PORCELAIN VASE, METAL STRAINER, METAL MORTAR, SWORD-SCABBARD, COINS, AND RING.

RECENTLY RECOVERED RELICS OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

These relics have just been recovered, by permission of the Duke of Argyll, from the wreck of the "Florescia," in Tobermory Bay.



LEFT PANEL OF PEDESTAL.



RIGHT PANEL OF PEDESTAL.



BACK PANEL OF PEDESTAL.

IN MEMORY OF A SCIENTIFIC BENEFactor OF MANKIND: THE PASTEUR MONUMENT ERECTED IN THE PLACE DE BRETEUIL IN PARIS.

THE PASTEUR MONUMENT, WITH PANELS SYMBOLISING THE TOILERS OF THE FIELD ENJOYING THE BENEFITS ARISING FROM PASTEUR'S DISCOVERIES.
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LADIES' PAGES.

Several weddings in Society have, as usual, kept up the interest of the closing weeks of the season. Perhaps the one that attracted most notice was that of Lord and Lady Aberdeen's only daughter, Lady Marjorie Hamilton-Gordon, with Captain Sinclair, one of the Liberal Whips. The bride is known personally to a far larger circle than is usual, for Lady Aberdeen has lived so wide and varied a public life, and has so thoroughly taken her only girl into it with her, that thousands of people know "Lady Margie," more or less. Hence the uncommon event occurred of a wedding presentation to the bride from Liberal organisations "in grateful recognition of her political services, as well as those of the bridegroom." The Scottish Liberal and Women's Liberal Associations joined in the gift, which consisted mainly of two pianofortes, an upright and a grand. The bride's parents gave her a pearl and diamond tiara; and her bridegroom another tiara of diamonds and those most lovely stones, opals. Lady Marjorie is very tall, and when she develops into matronage will undoubtedly be one of the most stately of young hostesses, while her simple, unaffected, and kindly manner will always make her a gracious personality, like her much-appreciated mother. Lady Aberdeen founded the successful Irish Industries Association when she was at the Viceregal Lodge, and the embroidering of the front panel of Lady Marjorie's wedding gown was committed to the school which owes so much to her mother. The design was of the flower badges of the Gordon and Sinclair families combined—namely, the flowers of the broom and the ivy leaf: these were worked in a dainty mixture of silver and paste, the delicate pale yellow of the broom standing out in the natural colour in silken embroidery. A Brussels lace flounce outlined the panel on each side and swept in festoons round the skirt, the embroideries being continued at each dip of the festooned lace. The bodice was chiefly composed of a crossing fichu of very finely gathered mousseline-de-soie, edged with Brussels lace; and the veil, the same one that Lady Aberdeen wore at her wedding, was of fine Brussels lace, under a coronet of orange-blossom. Lady Aberdeen wore blue satin trimmed with Irish lace. The bridesmaids' gowns were white early Victorian, designed after those of the late Queen's bridesmaids. The going-away dress was of white taffetas and colienne; the bodice was trimmed with deep and fine Irish lace in bolero fashion, and was decorated with true-lovers' knots.

Another interesting wedding was that of the only daughter of Lord



A JAPANESE TEA-GOWN.

This lounging-robe is made in velvet with a quilted-silk front; the white undersleeves are embroidered in a Japanese design, and so is the underskirt.

and Lady Galway, the Hon. Violet Monckton, with Captain Skeffington-Smyth. The bride is a recent débutante, is extremely handsome, and owns a fine country place and large income in her own right, the bequest of her late uncle. The bridegroom gained great distinction in the South African War, in which he was wounded, and won the D.S.O. This bride's wedding gown was entirely of exquisite lace flounces placed over soft white tulle, which was, in its turn, supported on supple satin; her veil was plain tulle, and her wreath of myrtle blossom and leaves. A novelty in the service was that the organ was played very softly nearly all the time that the ceremony went on. The bridesmaids and pages were in white with touches of pale Parma violet and blue; and the bride travelled in a white mousseline-de-soie gown and a big blue hat with tulle strings.

Though the superstition forbidding the wearing of black by any of the guests at a bridal is out-of-date, it is still very uncommon for the bridesmaids to have a touch of the mourning colour in their attire. This was the distinguishing feature of the wedding of Miss Talbot, daughter of the member of Parliament for Oxford University, with Lord Dunluce, the heir of the Earl of Antrim. His mother was a member of Queen Victoria's household, being the daughter of General Grey, who was private secretary to the Prince Consort, and to whom the late Queen committed the preparation of the first volume of her memoirs of her husband, "Early Years of the Prince Consort." The Countess of Antrim is one of the several ladies of the late Queen whom her present Majesty has continued in the same offices to herself. The bride's wedding gown was of the traditional white satin trimmed with a lace flounce caught into festoons with bows of satin ribbon. Her maids' dresses were more distinctive; they were copied from a Romney picture, and were in pale-blue glacé, the bodices draped up to one side of the bust, and finished with small folded muslin fichus, the close-fitting elbow-sleeves ruffled deeply with silk muslin. The large Romney hats were in veritable black tulle, relieved with strings of tulle in the same blue as the frocks. Romney is the king of portrait-painters for the moment; the great price (nearly £13,000) paid for one of his pictures at the sale of the late Duke of Cambridge's effects has brought his charming artistic work into new prominence; and a design of his supplied the dresses for another party of aristocratic bridesmaids when Lady Mabel Campbell, daughter of Lord Cawdor, was married to Mr. Beresford-Peirse, nephew of the Earl of Bandon. The gowns at this wedding were of white chiffon in old-world design, with mushroom-hats trimmed with cherries, and shoes and stockings (revealed by the short skirts) of cherry-red silk.

Goodwood gowns are the culminating effort of the imaginations of the dress-artists, stimulated by the past weeks of exertion. Moreover, nothing is considered

[Continued on Page 134.]

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A WONDERFUL MACHINE.

There is scarcely a spot on the habitable globe where linoleum is not known; and in nine cases out of ten examination would prove the material to be the Greenwich Inlaid Linoleum.

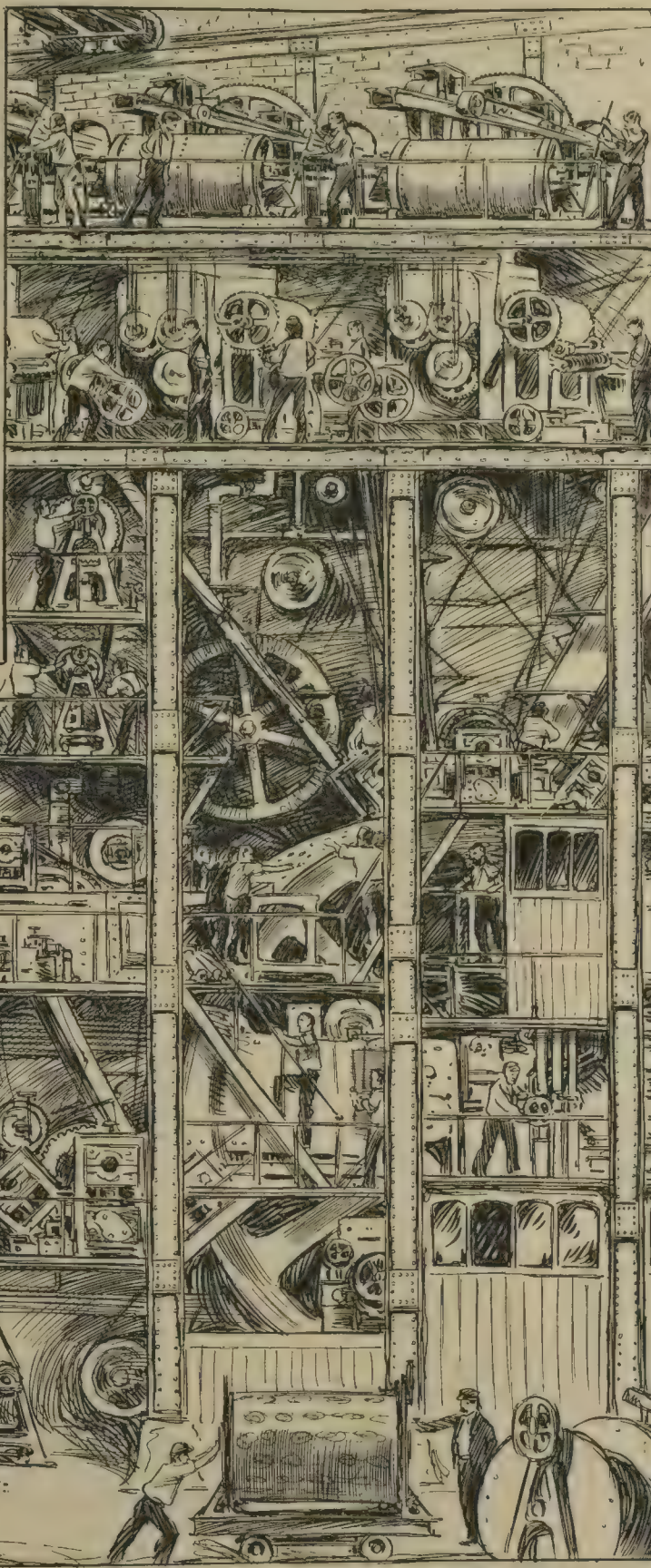
The directors of the Company which produces this ideal floor-covering recently invited a number of distinguished people, amongst whom were the Lord Mayor of London and the Lady Mayoress, to see the wonderful new machine which has just been erected at the works at Greenwich. It is certainly an amazing piece of machinery, covering as it does a space exceeding 50,000 square feet, and weighing nearly 500 tons. Its producing power is scarcely less astonishing, for it is capable of turning out inlaid linoleum at the rate of from 30,000 to 40,000 square yards a week. So complicated are its parts that it took more than two years to build. It now stands a monument to the energy and sagacity of the directors of the Greenwich Inlaid Linoleum Company, which has as its chairman Sir William Treloar.

That Company has had a somewhat chequered career. At the outset those in charge of the undertaking had a very uphill game to play, and most energetically and efficiently did they play it, and the result to-day must be eminently satisfactory to the shareholders. In 1898 the nett profit of the Company was £15,381. This year it is no less than £50,766. Since 1898 the Company has earned nearly a quarter of a million sterling nett profit, and has paid its shareholders £131,700 in dividends. Thus has a magnificent business been built up; and those who know it best believe that it is still in its infancy. For the huge profit just mentioned has been made by the old machine only. This is a fact to be particularly borne in mind. If the Company can pay 15 per cent. on its double capital by the use of only one machine, what will it not be able to pay when the new and vastly better machine is also running full time?

It is interesting to recall the fact that some years ago the Company had occasion to write down its machinery by 50 per cent., but that was because the plant was practically dead. What a change has taken place since then! The enterprise has been resuscitated, the machinery added to and improved; while the new factory at Greenwich is almost as notable a feature of the place as the Observatory.

It is one of the essential characteristics of such a business that a very large stock must be kept. That was a necessity when there was only one quality of linoleum; it is still more necessary now that the Company has to make and stock three qualities of the material. Fortunately, linoleum possesses one of the attributes with which port wine is credited—it improves with age.

But there is little fear of any of it waxing unduly old at the present rate of demand. At



This wonderful machine is seven storeys high, weighs 600 tons, and is built on a bed of solid concrete 30 ft. thick. It cost, with buildings and accessories, £250,000. It is driven by a 1000 I.H.P. couple compound condensing engine by steam from a large battery of tubular and Lancashire boilers. THREE MILLION SQUARE YARDS OF GREENWICH INLAID LINOLEUM CAN BE TURNED OUT IN ONE YEAR.

the recent meeting of shareholders, held to authorise the issue of preference shares, Sir William Treloar stated that the demand for Greenwich Inlaid Linoleum is increasing by leaps and bounds. Every month's return shows an advance in the amount of the sales, and now that the Company makes a quality which is sold retail at 2s. 3d. per square yard, the increased sales are likely to prove enormous.

No one can doubt that the popularity of the material is abundantly justified. When, in 1857, Mr. Frederick Walton invented oxidised oil by the solidification of linseed oil, and thus produced a cheap substitute for indiarubber, it was hardly foreseen that the germ of an ideal floor-covering had been discovered. But it was so, nevertheless. In the year 1862 Mr. Walton took out the first patents for linoleum floor-cloth made by the mixture of oxidised linseed oil with gum, resin, and ground cork. The public took to the new fabric with remarkable alacrity, and very speedily the old oil-cloth was generally superseded.

But the linoleum of that time had one serious fault. The pattern very speedily wore off, as it was only on the surface. Mr. Walton, with characteristic energy, set himself to work to remove this defect. He was entirely successful, and the Greenwich Inlaid Linoleum of to-day is unquestionably the best floor-covering in the world. It never looks shabby, because the pattern is inlaid to the back; and however hard it may be washed with whatever kind of soap the colours of the pattern never fade. This is the wonderful result that is accomplished so successfully by the new machine at the Company's works at Greenwich. Its ingenuity may be imagined when we say that it is capable of combining six colours in a mosaic or parquetry of self-coloured linoleum, and can do this at the rate of 50,000 square yards a week.

Let anyone who reads this look at the linoleum that he will in all probability soon be walking upon, either in his own home or in somebody else's, and then let him think of the intricate processes it has gone through before it thus ministered to his comfort. As we have said, the substance is partly composed of ground cork, to which is added specially prepared linseed-oil.

At Greenwich scores of tanks may be seen, the oil remaining in them until all the vegetable matter in it has developed into a form of fungus and been removed. After this the oxidising and thickening process begins, and, later on, the oil is removed to the bakery and kept at simmering point for a considerable period. It is then in a condition not inaptly described as "bread" or "sponge," and after being well broken up is strewn about the floor to dry. Then it is mixed with amber resin and kauri gum, and assumes the character of cement, which presently dries, and becomes nearly as solid as indiarubber. It is then rolled or mangled until it becomes in appearance like dough, and is then in a condition to assimilate such colouring matter as may be necessary.

Before undergoing the final treatment that converts it into the popular linoleum of commerce, the material is subjected to a highly ingenious process, having for its object the extraction of any metallic substance, a nail or a stray button, which may chance to be present. Certain electro-magnets are brought to bear upon it, and they never fail to discover and extract any metal substance which may have found its way into the mass. These are some of the interesting and curious processes which linoleum goes through from the moment the raw material enters the manufactory of the Greenwich Inlaid Linoleum Company until it emerges as the finished article, to be a comfort and adornment to countless homes.

W. J.



TRIMMING DEPARTMENT.



PACKING DEPARTMENT.

too smart for this particular charming meeting, and the presence of the King and Queen this year has made it even more of a sartorial, or rather modistic, triumphal occasion. The beauty of muslin and chiffon has found its highest expression, and it can be indeed charming, and the reverse of simple. A white silk muslin strewn with bunches of currants embroidered in natural colours, a belt and deep cuffs of currant-red silk, a transparent lace yoke, and a hat all of silken poppy petals trimmed with clusters of currants and tied with white tulle strings, was the first costume that was shown me. A black muslin pin-spotted with white laid over a white foundation then met my view; the net laid in wide folds at either side of a front panel, and embroidered down very lightly but effectually with glittering jet and silver beads; the front panel was black lace, and so was a fichu on the shoulders, fixed in a point at back and front with jet and silver ornaments. A bright red chiffon, high-crowned Romney hat with black plumes upstanding and a jet buckle across the front finished this costume, which was the choice of a handsome elderly Duchess. A brown muslin in accordion pleats with motifs of white lace dotted over it, and a frou-frou of brown taffetas tiny flounces round the feet, was accompanied by a bodice, tightly swathed to the figure, of brown taffetas and a fichu of folded brown chiffon fastened with a large cluster of pink roses at the bust; an early Victorian poke-bonnet of white straw, the brim filled in with pink roses, and pink tulle strings tied low down on the bosom, was the completion of this toilette. A well-fitted bodice of white silk, pointed in front and fastened straight up to the throat with tiny jewelled buttons, was the feature of another gown, of which the skirt was white taffetas, much pin-stripe pleated round the hips, and belted with black velvet following the line of the bodice from peak to hips, and making a *chic* bow at the exact back. A high-crowned black tulle hat blooming with crimson roses and tied with black strings brought the whole into harmony. Lavender muslin—one of the colours of the year—very simply made, was distinguished by a deep swathed belt of orange-coloured silk held up by a diamond slide at the back; the hat was a wide, shady shape of burnt straw trimmed with orange-coloured big roses and lavender tulle. These were all the production of one celebrated couturière, and are but a foretaste of the splendours to be described.

A correspondent, getting ready her travelling outfit, wants to know more of the "Dr. Rasurel underwear," so warmly commended by Sarah Bernhardt, especially for travelling. Well, it is an admixture of the purest and finest wool with fibres made by a patent process from peat. The mixture supplies hygienic undergarments of every variety. These are exceptionally valuable for travel, but always serviceable and desirable, because it is remarkable for its absorbent qualities as well as its softness and comfort in wear. The



YACHTING COSTUME,

In the popular blue serge, with white cloth collar and cuffs edged with a line of scarlet and gold braid. The revers can be closed or buttoned back as shown, to reveal a white vest with tiny buttons.

texture can be so fine that it can be worn in the hottest climate, as well as thick enough for winter when wanted. A special point is the antiseptic power of the peat, which makes the garments protective against disease. This antiseptic power is so great that bodies buried in the peat bogs remain unchanged for centuries.

Japan is so much in fashion at present that Messrs. Spalding and Hodge, of Drury Lane, the well-known wholesale stationers, have done wisely to annex the name for their capital new writing-paper and envelopes. "Japon" notepaper has a delightfully smooth surface; it is of silky texture and a pleasant ivory tint, and is quite the kind of stationery to appeal to cultured women.

"Afternoon tea" depends so largely for its stimulating and agreeable properties on the flavour and quality of the tea used that it should be obvious to everybody that the cup of tea is always at the smartest party the most important item, and the one which is most commented upon. Those who find a difficulty in obtaining a nicely flavoured tea—pleasing to the palate and full of fragrance—should write for samples and price-list to the Secretary, United Kingdom Tea Company, Empire Warehouses, London, E.C.

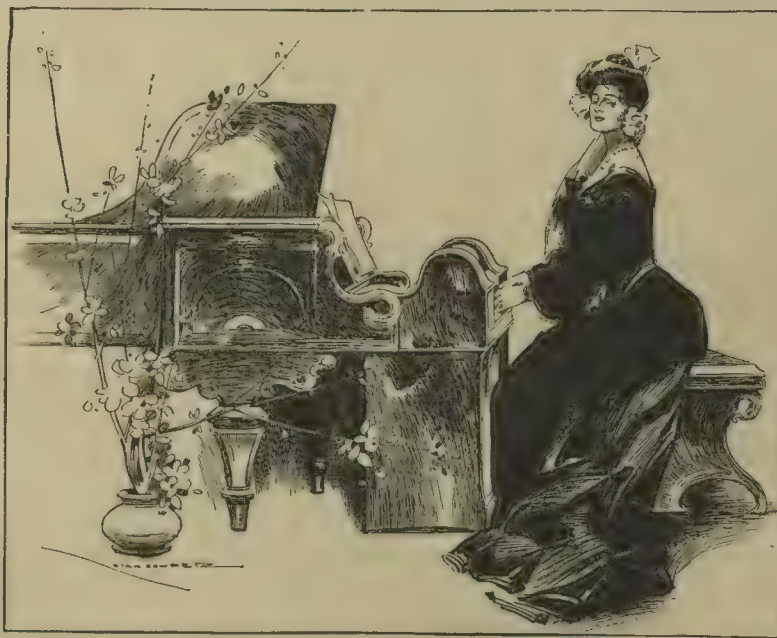
It is becoming more and more the custom for British visitors to Holland to make their headquarters at Scheveningen, which enjoys the reputation of being by far the finest watering-place with a hard, white sand beach in Europe. Frequent trains to all the interesting points in Holland make it possible to go and return the same day. Thus, for instance, the Hague is reached in twenty minutes, and Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Haarlem, Delft, and other cities and places of note can be reached in less than an hour. The attractions offered the visitor embrace the best concerts, both classical and popular, rendered by the highest talent. The beautiful concert-hall and terrace of the Kurhaus are a feature. Some five miles of hard, white sand beach, free from stones and sloping at a gentle angle to meet the fine surf rolling constantly in from the North Sea, affords the acme of sea-bathing, which may be enjoyed all day long. In addition to the fine hotels now existing, the Seabath Company is just completing the Palace Hotel, adjoining the Kurhaus. This hotel embodies all the features appealing to a modern traveller, such as suites with bath-room, and a private balcony overlooking the ocean, a garage for any number of automobiles and bicycles, with charging and repair shops, under the direction of one of the leading auto-manufacturers of France, and special dressing-rooms for both men and women, for the removal of the travel-stains on a motor-trip. The sanitary conveniences and safeguards, as well as the furnishing and appointments of the hotel, are perfect.

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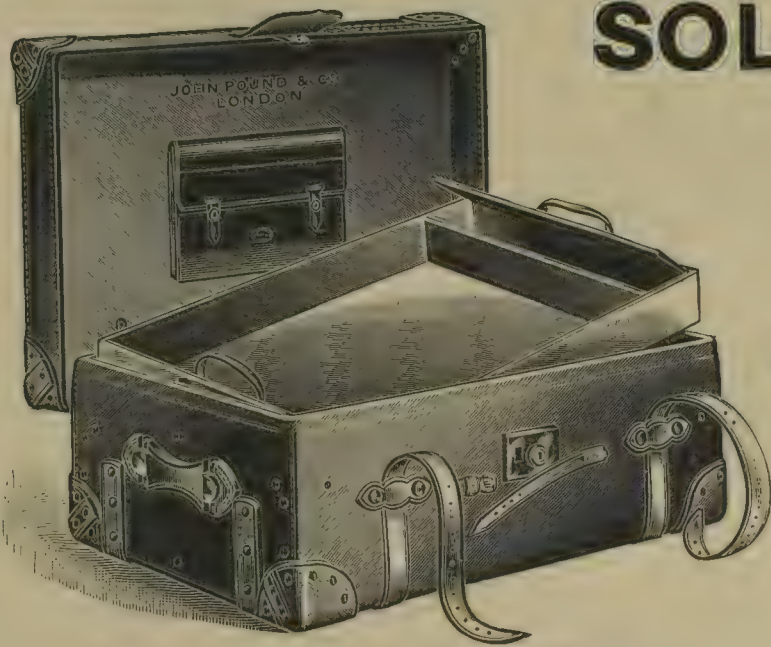
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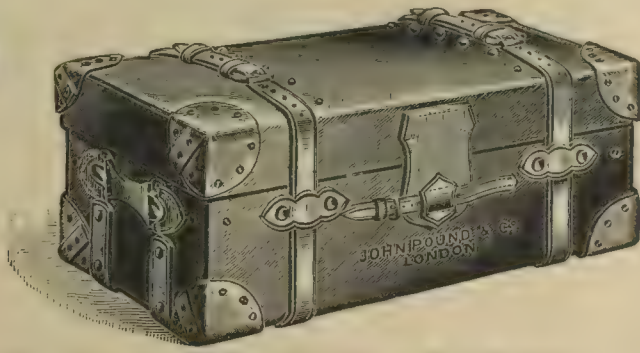
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Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

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Restores the Colour to Carpets.

Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

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So Vivifying after Cricket, Motoring and other Sports.

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IN DEED.”**

THE IONIDES COLLECTION.

The Ionides bequest of paintings, drawings, etchings, and engravings accrued to the nation some two years ago, under the will of the late Constantine Alexander Ionides, dated 1899. It was a bequest hampered with the condition that the whole collection should be kept intact; there was to be no picking and choosing; the authorities at South Kensington were to take or leave it all. Curators traditionally hate such conditions; and for a moment the bequest of the wealthy Greek merchant

It is a pertinent fact that neither of these connoisseurs went to Burlington House to buy. They went to the New Gallery or the New English Art Club. They have the fine work of artists who are badly represented, or not represented at all, at the Tate Gallery—Burne-Jones, Whistler, Legros, Rossetti, Strang, and the rest. Purchases in the foreign markets are not within the purview of the Chantrey Trustees; and we must turn to the National Gallery to compare its forlorn aspect as regards the Barbizon School with the wealth contained in these private collections.

names would be invidious; but to go through the list of the Chantrey purchases, with the prices affixed, and to see at the same time what Mr. Ionides, for instance, secured for the same sum of money, is to be convinced yet again of the triumph of the individual over the corporate body.

This much seems necessarily said by way of preliminary. A far pleasanter task awaits the visitor who goes to the collection and, forgetful of all comparisons, enjoys the feast here put delicately before him. And enjoyed it may be to its last drawing—one thoughtful



A HISLEY TROPHY:
THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP.

The cup, designed in the Paul Lamerie style, is the work of Messrs. J. W. Benson, Ltd., of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street.



THE KING'S CUP FOR THE ROYAL CINQUE PORTS
YACHT CLUB.

The cup, which was won on July 16 by Sir James Pender's yacht "Brynild," is of silver richly gilt. It was made by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, 156, New Bond Street.



NON-STOP MOTORING:
THE DEWAR CHALLENGE CUP.

The cup, the gift of Sir Thomas R. Dewar, was wrought in solid silver, richly chased, by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd., 22, Regent Street, W.

seemed to hang in the balance. But acceptance followed; the gift-horse was not looked in the mouth; two rooms were provided at the Victoria and Albert Museum; and the result is one which must lead all beholders to ratify the judgment of the acceptors. There is no trash in the collection, and the treasures are many and great.

The purchases of a man of taste, such as Mr. Ionides and Mr. Staats Forbes, have something almost of a controversial interest at the present time. Here were private citizens buying for themselves and for posterity; and it is useful to see the choice they made, and to compare with that of the Chantrey Bequest Trustees.

It is to private taste that London owes its possession of the canvases of Corot and Millet. The test of taste is here one with the market test. The collections of these citizens are worth to-day a vastly larger sum than was paid for them; whereas the family that had bought the greater part of the Chantrey collection and had now to part with them would suffer bankruptcy in every kind of credit. The sale-room test cannot be applied; but it might have been worth the while of the Lords Chantrey Committee to get an expert valuation of the works bought at momentary prices within the last quarter of a century. To mention

condition of the testator being that every drawing should be framed and hung. There is, for instance, a finer collection of Rembrandt etchings in the British Museum; but these are in drawers and portfolios. Here, framed and hung, they are available not merely for the student, but for the casual amateur. Etchings by Millet, Whistler, and Rodin, together with drawings by Daumier and Ingres, and engravings by Mantegna—to mention but a few among many great names—in all of these there is the technical interest of style afforded to the exhibition visitor for almost the first time. Much more remains to be said in a future notice.

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LADIES will find it delightfully cooling, as it quickly removes the greasy effects of perspiration from the skin. After games or exercise of any kind, a little dusted on the skin, rubbed in and then wiped off with a fine handkerchief greatly improves the look and texture of the skin, but it must be rubbed in sufficiently so as not to show. Simply delightful also for the feet.

BABIES and Children suffer considerably from skin troubles in Summer, especially from such things as nettle-rash, heat-spots, and rashes caused by Summer fevers, scarlatina, measles, chickenpox, etc. Don't let your children suffer and burn from irritating causes. Get a box of **MENNEN** and dust them with it after bath, and in the morning, and they won't have an itch, an ache, or a burn all Summer.

It is so important that Ladies should know the full value of this unique preparation that on receipt of 1d. stamp and address we will gladly send them a **FREE SAMPLE** and a book explaining how many minor skin troubles can be completely prevented and cured by **MENNEN**, together with full particulars of **£200 Competition**.

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Surely every kind mother can spare 1/- to prevent or ease these infantile troubles, so small and yet so trying.

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It cures bad feet, and prevents excessive perspiration. After shaving it is simply delightful both in Summer and Winter.

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HOLIDAY TRAVELLING.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that a special fourteen-day excursion through the charming scenery of Normandy and the valley of the Seine, via the Newhaven-Dieppe Royal Mail route, will be run from London by the express day service on Saturday morning, July 30, and by the fast night service on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, July 28, 29, and 30, to Dieppe, Rouen, and Paris. Week-end cheap return tickets to Dieppe will also be issued on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, July 29, 30, and 31, and Aug. 1, available for return on any day up to and including the following Wednesday.

Cheap week-end tickets are issued by the Midland Railway Company every Friday and Saturday from London (St. Pancras) and other principal Midland stations to the chief seaside and inland holiday resorts, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of Scotland. For the August Bank Holiday these tickets will be available for returning on Sunday (where train service permits), Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, July 31, Aug. 1, 2, or 3. Tickets which can be dated in advance to suit the convenience of passengers can be obtained at any Midland station or booking-office.

The excursion programme issued by the Great Western Railway Company provides for all holiday-makers. Rapid transit, cheap trains, and comfortable carriages are provided by this company. Tickets of all kinds will be issued at their City and West-End offices, and can be obtained and dated in advance to suit the public. Tickets can also be obtained at Clapham Junction (L.B. and S.C. side), Battersea, Chelsea, Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, Aldgate, and all stations to Edgware Road inclusive, Acton, Ealing, and other suburban stations. Pamphlets containing full information free on application to the company's divisional officers, stationmasters, or town-office agents on receipt of a postcard stating the particulars required.

The Great Central Railway's A B C programme offers admirable facilities to those desirous of spending the holiday at places reached by the company's comfortable and picturesque route. Excursions are announced from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan stations to all the principal towns and holiday resorts in the Midlands, North of England, and North-East and North-West Coast

watering-places. A fast train leaves Marylebone at 12.5 midnight Friday and Saturday, July 29 and 30; there are also several additional special expresses on Saturday, July 30.

The Great Eastern Railway announce that an accelerated and much improved summer service of fast trains is now running to all the principal stations in the Eastern counties. On Friday and Saturday, July 29 and 30, additional fast trains will be run from Liverpool Street to Cromer, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, Clacton, etc. Tourist, fortnightly, and Friday to Wednesday cheap tickets to Yarmouth, Gorleston, Lowestoft, Cromer, Burnham-on-Crouch, Southend, Clacton, Walton, and district are issued by all trains from London (Liverpool Street), also from G.E. suburban stations, at same fares as from Liverpool Street. On Thursday, July 28, there will be cheap excursions from London for six and eight days to the Eastern counties, including Cambridge, Lynn, Norwich, Wisbech, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cromer, Mundesley, Fakenham, etc. On Friday, July 29, for seven and sixteen days, to Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, etc. On Saturday, July 30, for three, six, and eight days, to Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and North-Eastern district.

The Great Eastern Railway have arranged a direct service of motor omnibuses between Lowestoft and Southwold, via Kessingland, Wrentham, and Wangford. The service is now in working order. The motors will make eight journeys daily in each direction with Kessingland and three with Southwold.

For the convenience of holiday-makers on the Continent, cheap tickets, available for eight days, will be issued to Brussels for the Field of Waterloo, via Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning. For visiting Holland, the Rhine, the Harz, and other parts of Germany special facilities are offered via the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, corridor trains with vestibuled carriages, dining and breakfast car being run on the Hook of Holland service between London and Harwich. Through carriages and restaurant-cars are run to Berlin, Cologne, and Bâle. The United Steam-ship Company of Copenhagen steamers will leave Harwich for Esbjerg (on the west coast of Denmark) on Thursday, July 28, and Saturday, July 30, returning from Esbjerg Monday night, Aug. 1, and Tuesday evening, Aug. 2. The General Steam Navigation Company's fine passenger-steamers will leave Harwich for Hamburg on July 27 and 30, returning July 31 and Aug. 3.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that cheap excursions will be run as follows: On Wednesday, July 27, and each Wednesday until Sept. 14, for eight days, to Sheringham, Cromer (Beach), Mundesley-on-Sea, Yarmouth (Beach), Gorleston-on-Sea, Lowestoft, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe. On Wednesday, July 27, and each Wednesday until Sept. 28 for six, eight, thirteen, or fifteen days, to Penrith, Keswick, Lytham, St. Annes, Blackpool, and Fleetwood. On Friday, July 29, for seven or sixteen days, from London (Woolwich [Arsenal and Dockyard], Greenwich [S. E. & C.], Victoria [S. E. & C.], Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross [G.N.], etc.), for Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Dalmally, Oban, Fort William, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland. Passengers with seven days tickets return on Thursday, Aug. 4, and those with sixteen days tickets return on any day within sixteen days, including date of issue and return.

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway will issue special excursion tickets to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, and by the night mail service, via Dover and Calais. Cheap excursions will be run to Boulogne; to Calais; to Brussels by the Calais, Boulogne, and Ostend routes; to Amsterdam, The Hague, and other Dutch towns, via Queenborough and Flushing; to Ostend, and to the Belgian Ardennes by the Calais, Boulogne, and Ostend routes. The home arrangements are equally well devised, and include trips to Hastings, Bexhill, Canterbury, Whitstable, Herne Bay, Westgate, Margate, Ramsgate, Sandwich, Deal, Walmer, Dover, Folkestone, Ashford, Aldershot, Shorncliffe, Hythe, and the Crystal Palace. Full particulars of the excursions, extension of time for certain return tickets, alterations in train services, etc., are given in special holiday programme and bills.

The arrangements of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, including the running of special trains during the Sussex Fortnight, commencing July 25, are now being announced as completed; and for the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been made by the railway company. The Brighton Company also give notice that their West-End offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and their City office, 6, Arthur Street East, will remain open until 10 p.m. from July 22 to 30 inclusive, for the sale of tickets to the South Coast.

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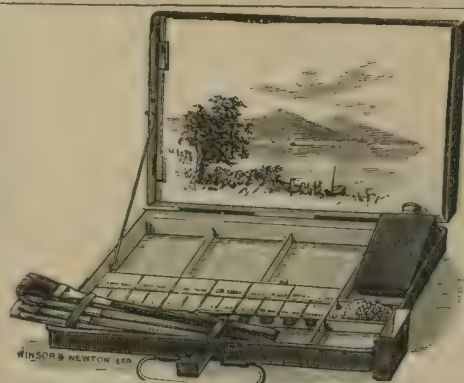
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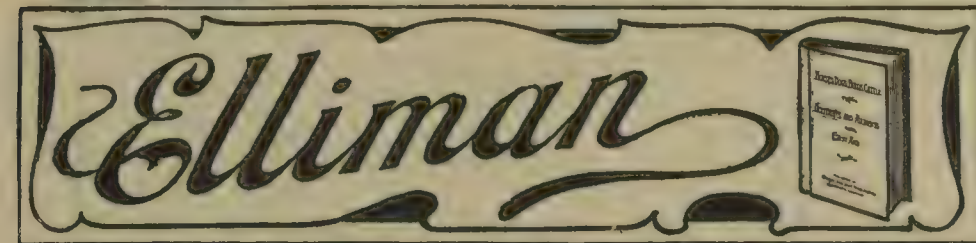
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 30, 1899) of SIR JAMES ARUNDELL YOUNG, K.C.M.G., of Waratah House, King's Road, Clapham Park, who died on June 5, was proved on July 2 by Arthur Carpmal and Edward Robinson, the value of the estate being £164,456. The testator gives £2000 to his wife, Lady Charlotte Young, for whom he has already made provision; £5000 each, in trust, for his daughters Mrs. Florence Nightingale Collin and Emily; £5000 each to his daughters Mrs. Jane Ord and Mrs. Rebecca Carpmal; £500 each to his daughters Ann, Louisa, and Grace; £1000 to his daughter-in-law Emma Young; and £2000 to his grandson James Arundell Young. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughters.

The will (dated May 18, 1901), with two codicils (dated June 22, 1902, and Feb. 19, 1903), of MR. THOMAS EUSTACE SMITH, of Gosforth, Northumberland, and High Coxlease, Lyndhurst, Hants, a former M.P. for Tynemouth, who died on Dec. 5, was proved on June 25 by Mrs. Martha Mary Smith, the widow, Launcelot Eustace Smith, the son, and William Gibson, the value of the estate amounting to £123,151. The testator bequeaths £1000, an annuity of £2000, the contents of his residences, except money and securities, and the use and enjoyment of his house in the New Forest, to his wife; £10,000, in trust, for each of his daughters Mrs. Ida Mary Priestly and Mrs. Rosalind Mary Enthoven; and annuities to old servants. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third to his wife for life, and then for the children of his deceased son Eustace, one third to his son William Henry, and one sixth each to his sons Clarence Dalrymple and Launcelot Eustace.

The will (dated Sept. 15, 1898), with a codicil (of June 14, 1901), of MR. JOHN JOHNSTONE JARDINE KESWICK, of Dormont, Lockerbie, N.B., a member of the firm of Jardine, Matheson, and Co., St. James's Place, S.W., who died on May 18, was proved on June 27 by William Keswick, M.P., and James Johnstone Keswick, the brothers, and William Paterson, the

value of the estate being £108,122 gs. 6d. The testator gives his property known as Howgills and Sandhill to his brother Andrew, for life, and then to his brother William, should he survive him; £1000, the household furniture, and presentation and racing cups, and the income from £40,000 to his wife, Mrs. Agnes Keswick; £200 each to his executors; the income from £5000 and from the estate called Bishopcleugh to his sisters Margaret and Jessie, and the survivor of them; £250 to Marguerite Lyon; and £100 each to various godchildren. The residue of his property he leaves to his children; but should none live to take a vested interest, then he gives £5000 to his niece Mabel Florence, and the ultimate residue among thirteen nephews and nieces.

The will (dated April 18, 1903) of SIR HUGH ARTHUR HENRY CHOLMELEY, BART., of Easton, Lincoln, and 73, Eaton Place, who died on Feb. 14, was proved on June 17 by Sir Montague Aubrey Rowley Cholmeley, the son, Colonel Charles Robert Rowley, and John Roberts, the executors, the value of the estate being £88,146. The testator gives £1000, his town house and furniture, and such a sum as with her jointure of £1500 and the income from the funds of her marriage settlement will make up £3000 per annum, to his wife; £10,000, in trust, for each of his unmarried daughters, and £300 each per annum while they remain spinsters during the life or widowhood of his wife; his personal and sporting articles to his son; and legacies to servants. On the decease or remarriage of his wife, he gives to his daughters, while unmarried, £900 per annum if three, £1400 per annum if two, and £1000 per annum if one. The residue of his property he leaves, upon like trusts as those of the settled family estates.

The will (dated Jan. 2, 1904) of MR. CHARLES CHANDLER, of 4, Beaufort Buildings East, Bath, who died on May 13, has been proved by George Vezey, Charles Wilkinson, and Thomas Street, the value of the estate being £80,776. The testator gives £10,000 to the children of his brother Thomas; £9000 to the children of

each of his nephews George, Thomas, and Charles John; £9000 and freehold property at Bath and Hilcote to Ellen Elizabeth Wilkinson; £1500 to Ellen Hoskins; £100 each to the Royal United Hospital, the Eastern Dispensary, and the Devizes Cottage Hospital; £50 each to the Institution for the Blind, Deaf, and Dumb, the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Sutcliffe Industrial School, the Monmouth Street Society, the Eye Infirmary, and Müller's Orphan Asylum; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to one fourth to the children of each of his nephews George, Thomas, and Charles John, and one fourth to Ellen Elizabeth Wilkinson.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1901) of MR. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS GORMAN, of 2, Sumner Place, South Kensington, and 187, Westminster Bridge Road, who died on Feb. 4, was proved on June 23 by Sir William Davis Awdry, K.C.B., William Jocelyn Nash, and John Pinner Awdry, the value of the property amounting to £65,071. The testator gives his collection of relics to the South Kensington Museum; the household furniture, etc., to his daughter Mrs. Augusta Emma Dunlop; £500 each to Walter Gorman Nutkins and Margaret Bird Grundy; £500 and a leasehold house at Surbiton to his clerk, Robert Davis; £100 each to his executors; and other small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Dunlop, for life, and then for her children; but should she leave no issue then between the Sailors' Home (Portsmouth), the Benevolent Society of the Institute of Civil Engineers, the Metal Trades' Pensions, the Cancer Ward of the Middlesex Hospital, the Aged Merchant Seamen Society, the Victoria Hospital for Children, and the Master Mariners' Society.

The will (dated Jan. 2, 1902) of MR. WHITAKER WRIGHT, of Lea Park, Godalming, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on July 11 by Mrs. Anna Edith Wright, the widow, the gross value of the estate being £148,200, and the net personality nil. The testator left everything he should die possessed of to his wife absolutely.

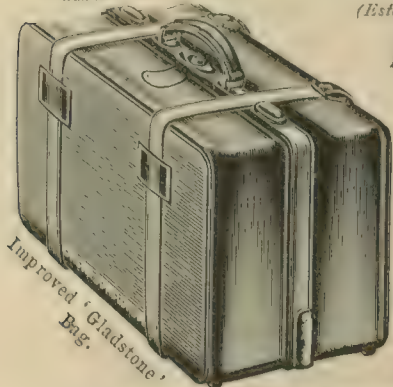
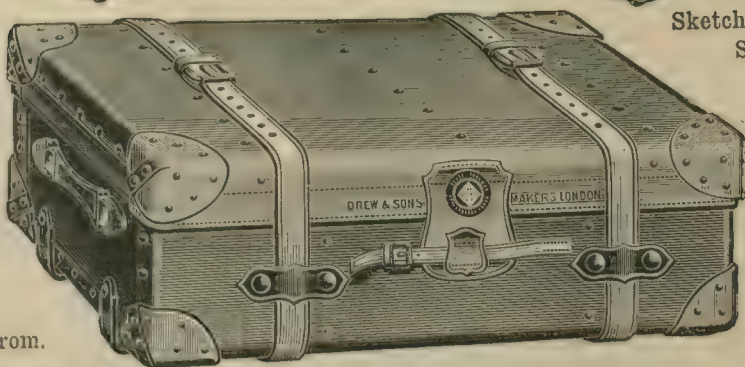


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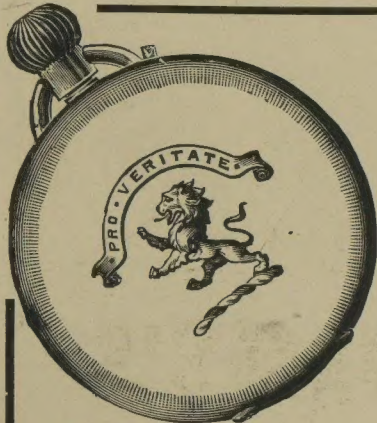
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Rochester is to take a holiday until the middle of October. He has been pressed to do this by his medical advisers and others, though his recovery from the effects of his recent operation is quite satisfactory.

The late Canon Hunt, Chaplain to the Bishop of Rochester, was beloved by a wide circle of friends, and was very popular in the parish of Markbeech, of which he had been Vicar for fifty-two years. He delighted in talks about Newman, Pusey, and John Keble, with whom he was acquainted when he was at Exeter College, Oxford.

The Tram-Men's Brotherhood, which the Rev. John Darlington, Vicar of St. Mark's, Kennington, organised recently, is making excellent progress. The neat badge may now be seen on the coats of many of the London County Council's employees. The object of the Brotherhood is to endeavour to abolish intemperance, bad language, betting and gambling, and to promote kindly sympathy among the members.

In his address to a meeting of sympathisers with the work of the Church Army, held in a garden near Worcester lately, Bishop Gore said he had been greatly impressed by what had been done by the Army. Sympathy was a great deal talked about, and sympathy of a sort was cheap and easy. The sympathy which had the most moral value was that which realised other people's points of view, and such sympathy was extraordinarily rare. He did not think it was in the

least realised how great was the gulf between the sentiments of the different classes in England, and there was exceptional danger in it. In no European country was the difference of class nearly so profound.

Besides the Prince and Princess of Wales, there are many warm Anglican friends of the new Leysian Mission scheme. During the evening meeting which followed the opening of the Queen Victoria Hall, City Road, it was mentioned that several members of the Church of England had sent donations of £100 to this important Wesleyan enterprise. It is claimed that the Leysian Mission will have the first real public school settlement as distinct from University Settlements.

To commemorate the completion of the twenty-first year of the Bishop of Llandaff's episcopate, it has been decided to present him with his portrait, painted by Mr. A. S. Cope, A.R.A. The Bishop of Salisbury has also been invited to sit for his portrait, which it is intended shall be presented to him by the clergy and laity of his diocese, and added to the portraits already hanging at the Palace. Bishop Wordsworth will in a few months enter upon the twentieth year of his episcopate, which has already exceeded in duration that of any predecessor for nearly two centuries.

The further endowment of the choral services at Truro Cathedral was an object which the late Precentor Donaldson most earnestly desired. It has now been decided to try to raise the nucleus of a fund to be called "The Donaldson Fund," round which other gifts may be gathered, for this object.

MUSIC.

The musical season is very nearly dead, Covent Garden giving its last performance on Monday, July 25, when Madame Melba and Signor Caruso will reappear in "La Bohème." On Thursday, July 14, Puccini's opera was given with a splendid cast, and never has it been better performed. Madame Melba sang Mimi to Signor Caruso's Rudolfo with brilliant effect, and she played the death scene with almost painful realism. Signor Caruso was singing magnificently—in fact, once the excited applause of the entire house broke into the middle of one of his most beautiful arias. Signor Scotti was excellent as Marcello, as was M. Gilbert as Schaunard; M. Dufriche doubled the rôles of landlord and elderly lover, and Miss Parkina was a graceful and vivacious Musetta. Madame Melba does well in putting enthusiasm into La Bohème; for, apart from the dramatic and lyrical charm of the rôle, it gives her wonderful opportunities when she and her lover vanish off the stage, and her high, clear, bell-like notes ring out from behind the scenery.

On Saturday, July 16, a crowded audience, in spite of the extreme heat, filled the St. James's Hall to hear the talented child, Florizel von Reuter. He played a Tchaikowsky Concerto with brilliant, if occasionally faulty, execution. He was also very successful in the Concerto in D of Paganini, and delighted his enthusiastic audience with a pleasing little composition of his own.

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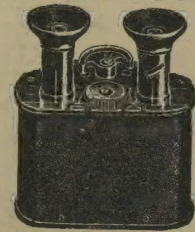
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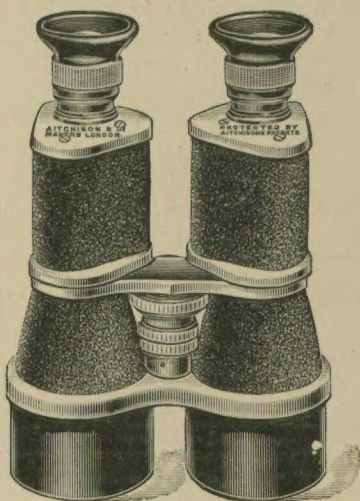
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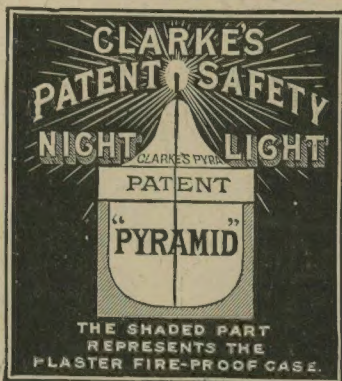
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